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THE SPIRIT OF HIDDEN PLACES.

Over the mountain's shoulder, round
the unweathered cape,
In lands beyond the skyline there hides
a nameless shape:
Whether of fiend or goddess no mortal
well may know;
But when she speaks,—with flushing
cheeks they one by one must go.

To men in far old cities, scanning the
curious chart,
Her voice would sound at midnight,
like music in the heart;
Across the wrinkled parchment a glory
seemed to fall,
And pageants pass like shapes in glass
along the pictured wall.

She led the sails of Lisbon beyond the
Afric shore,
Winning a world of wonders by seas
unknown before:
She watched the sturdy captains of
Holland's India fleet
Planting their post on that grim coast
where the two oceans meet.

Yea, and in earlier ages, what ghostly
race were they
Who left the eastward waters to tread
the inland way,
Who bore the gold of Ophir and built
the tower of stone—
But left no sign save empty mine, and
rampart overthrown?

But others find their footsteps, and
strike the trail anew:
How fared the burghers onward across
the wild Karoo?
And still, with hand at bridle and eyes
that search the wind,
With strain and stress the white men
press that mocking sprite to find.

We seek her by the valley,—she moves
upon the height:
The rainbow stands athwart us to blind
her from our sight:
Along the sea-bound bastion her steps
are hid in spray;
And though we dream,—with morning
gleam the lustre dies away.

Yet sometimes for a moment men think
to feel her nigh,—
When first the lost Moon Mountain un-
veiled to Stanley's eye;
Or when the Great White Wanderer be-
held Zambesi leap
With earthquake-stroke and sounding
smoke down the stupendous steep.

And then again we lose her, for lack of
wizard skill:
Only the message liveth that tells us,
Further still!
Yet could we come upon her, and seize,
and hold her fast,
The onward track would something
lack of its old magic past.

No secret on the ridges, no whisper in
the air,
No sense of paths untrodden, no
shadow anywhere,
Earth robbed of half her glamor, and
ocean void of awe—
The proud pursuit that brings not fruit
is man's eternal law.

Lance Fallow.

Macmillan's Magazine.

CORNISH WIND.

There is a wind in Cornwall that I
know
From any other wind, because it smells
Of the warm honey breath of heather-
bells
And of the sea's salt; and these meet
and flow
With such sweet savor in such sharp-
ness met
That the astonished sense in ecstasy
Tastes the ripe earth and the unvin-
taged sea.
Wind out of Cornwall, wind, if I forget:
Not in the tunnelled streets where
scarce men breathe
The air they live by, but wherever seas
Blossom in foam, wherever merchant
bees
Volubly traffic upon any heath:
If I forget, shame me! or if I find
A wind in England like my Cornish
wind.

Arthur Symons.

The Saturday Review.

THE POLITICAL POWERS OF LABOR

THEIR EXTENT AND THEIR LIMITATIONS

I.

WHAT IS MEANT BY LABOR IN CURRENT CONTROVERSY

The presence in Parliament, for the first time in any considerable numbers, of a party claiming *par excellence* to represent what is called Labor, is a fact whose significance has been thus far very inaccurately understood both by the Labor members themselves and by others who either sympathize with or are hostile to them. This misunderstanding has in each case the same origin, which consists of the looseness of the ideas associated with the word "labor." Labor, of course, means some form of human activity, or it means nothing, but it is evident also that, as used in the present connection, the form of activity meant by it must be of some special and limited kind. Otherwise a party which claimed to represent Labor would not be specifically distinguishable from a party, for example, which represented the interests of active capital. What, then, in the minds of the Labor members themselves does labor stand for as that which is specially and distinctively represented by them?

It would be difficult to give a definition of this which did not require qualifications in respect of exceptional cases; but, broadly speaking, we may say that it means for them first and foremost what is commonly called manual labor. But here at once the need for exceptions arises. The writing of a book, the drafting of an Act of Parliament, the painting of a great picture, all involve labor of the hands. The painting of a picture is essentially inseparable from this. But the Labor members in Parliament certainly do not claim to represent the in-

terests of a Millais or an Alma-Tadema. The root-idea which the Labor members form of labor may be best described as those forms of muscular and manual activity of which all normal men are capable to an approximately equal degree, and which the majority of men in all ages have, from the nature of things, been obliged to exercise. Such labor, no doubt, approximately equal though it may be in a general way, admits of, and requires different degrees of skill; and we find in labor, consequently, certain different grades, which are elicited in accordance with the talents of the individual laborers. So much our Labor members would without doubt concede; but all forms of labor, according to their conception of it, are alike in this—that each is an exertion of manual and muscular energy on the part of men as individuals, which is applied to the performance of separate industrial tasks. That such is the conception of Labor prevalent among the party as a body is illustrated by the occupations of the great majority of its members. According to an interesting statement published in *The Review of Reviews* for June, eleven of them are coal-miners; six are mechanics employed in various metal industries; four are mill hands; four are farm-laborers; three are railway employees; there is a barge-builder, a bootmaker, a stonemason, several printers' employees, and a maker of watch-cases. In men thus occupied we have the bulk of the party, and it is in virtue of occupations such as these that they make their claims to represent labor directly.

Labor, then, translated from abstract into concrete terms, means that section of the population whose one distinguishing characteristic consists in this—that its members individually devote to individual industrial tasks those manual and muscular energies which such tasks demand, and in respect of which all normal men are, approximately at least, equal. Members of this class may have other faculties also, as, indeed, of course, they have; but, in so far as such faculties are those which are possessed and exercised by the human race generally, these faculties are in no way distinctive of the laboring class as such. They belong to its members as representatives, not of labor, but of humanity. On the other hand, if members of the laboring class, as many doubtless do, possess, in addition to the average faculties of labor, faculties of other kinds, which are above the average and exceptional, such men represent in virtue of these, not the labor which makes the whole class one, but some kind of superiority which separates a part of that class from the rest of it. Thus

the mining population in Wales enjoys the reputation of possessing exceptional gifts for music; but the miners who have been sent to Parliament by the Welsh mining constituencies lay no claim to represent the distinctive interests of musicians. If labor stands for anything distinctive of any comprehensive class, and if the Labor members represent this class in any distinctive sense, the word labor, as used in current political discussion, means the application of ordinary hands and muscles to tasks of the kind just indicated—such as the extraction of so much coal, the hammering of so many rivets, the setting up of so much type, or the ploughing of so many furrows. It is only by using the word labor in this specific sense that such phrases as "the Labor members," "the Labor party," or "the cause of labor" can have any specific meaning. And such is the sense, though for the most part not consciously defined, which is actually attributed to the word in the political discussion of to-day, both by the public generally and by the Labor members themselves.

II.

ILLUSIONS OF LABOR AS TO THE NATURE OF ITS OWN IMPORTANCE

What, then, is the real significance of the rise of the Labor party? Within what limits does it stand for a legitimate political force, with reasonable and practicable ends? And how far do its own ambitions and the fears of those who are out of sympathy with it, lie beyond the region of what is inherently possible? We shall find that for a party representing the interests of labor as such, there is a very distinct and legitimate field of action; but the more clearly we realize what the character of this field is, the more clearly shall we realize how far outside its borders the aspirations of many of the Labor members lie, and how much

smaller is the efficient force at the back of them, than they themselves, or than those who fear them, suppose.

The intelligible and legitimate functions which may conceivably be fulfilled by a party representing the interests of the laboring as distinct from all other classes, are obvious enough, as a few examples will show us, and arise from the broad fact that a variety of social questions really do concern the laboring classes either exclusively or in a special way. Thus the fencing of machinery in factories, the construction of factories with due regard to sanitation, the obligation of employers to compensate employees injured in their

service, the limitation of the normal labor day, the recognition of such rights as are incident to collective bargaining—all these are matters which concern the laboring classes in a special and direct way in which they concern no others. There is, therefore, in Parliament a legitimate *locus standi* for a party which distinguishes itself from all other parties by representing, as distinguished from the interests of all other classes, the peculiar interests of the classes who live by manual labor.

Such being the case, then, the presence in Parliament of a party which differed from other parties only in this one particular, that it concerned itself more specially than they with matters of the kind just indicated, would not be in itself a feature in our political life to which, on general grounds, it would be possible to take exception. But the claims of the Labor party, and the ideas of its members and their supporters, are far from being limited by this sober view of the situation. Mixed with claims and ideas which will generally be admitted as reasonable are others of a more ambitious and also of a more disputable character. Thus, with the idea that the special interests of labor require to be represented by members who make them their main concern is associated the idea that the members who represent these can only do so adequately if they are themselves manual laborers. Again, with the idea that the special interests of labor require more consideration than they have generally received hitherto is associated the idea that these interests are entitled to some privileged position—as though because such and such men belong to the laboring classes acts should be legal on their part which are not legal for others. The vitality of this idea has been illustrated in an interesting way by the demands of the Labor party with regard to the right of

picketing. They and their friends in the Government disguise the nature of these demands under the plausible doctrine that it ought not to be illegal for men to perform any act collectively which is legal for each singly; and one of the spokesmen of the Government elicited uproarious applause by what was supposed to be an absolutely convincing illustration. No one, he said, would maintain that an upper housemaid was committing an illegal act if she left her situation on the ground that she did not like the butler. Would any one, the speaker continued, be foolish enough to maintain that what was legal for one housemaid, so long as she acted for herself, ought to be made illegal if the other housemaids were to join with her? A far closer parallel to the practice of picketing would have been the following. It is legal for any one member of Parliament to walk by himself down Parliament Street; it is also legal for any two to walk down it arm-in-arm; but if ten members were to walk down it linked together, sweeping the pavement, and thrusting every one else into the roadway, such a corporate act, were it not illegal already, would certainly be made so with very little delay. The hollowness of the arguments put forward in this connection by the Labor party and their friends would have been plain to everybody—indeed, the arguments could hardly have been used—if it had not been for the underlying idea that any claim advanced in the special interest of Labor is *prima facie* a just claim, and that any arguments supporting it must for that reason be sound.

But the disputable ideas of the Labor party do not end here—with the idea that the interests of manual labor as such have a right to preferential treatment. They are reinforced by one of very much wider scope. This is that the classes whose one class distinction

is that they live by labor whilst other classes do not, ought to possess, and will possess in the future, a preponderant control over the entire affairs of the nation. The ideal Government which, more or less vaguely conceived, the Labor party have in view, is, indeed, a Government consisting of laboring men—of men generically distinguished from statesmen of all other types by the fact that their normal occupation is the performance of manual tasks. An American writer has recently illustrated this fact by solemnly observing, with a mixture of alarm and sympathy: "The Government of Great Britain will, at no distant date, be ad-

ministered exclusively by men working with their hands."

Ideals, ambitions, and prophecies such as these, though they may seem absurd to some and dangerously insane to others, cannot profitably be dismissed or met by ridicule or by crude defiance. However false, and consequently dangerous, they may be, their significance, great or small, can be properly estimated only by a careful and calm examination of the sources from which they spring. This examination will bring us back to the point which I set out with elucidating—namely the nature and scope of those activities which are meant by the term "labor."

III.

THE DEPENDENCE OF LABOR ON ACTIVITIES OTHER THAN ITS OWN

Labor as we defined it, and as it is undoubtedly conceived by the Labor members themselves and illustrated by their own occupations—namely, manual labor, of a more or less ordinary kind, as applied to individual tasks—has two distinguishing characteristics. All normal human beings of sufficient age are capable of it; and in every community it must be exercised by all or by a great number, as the primary condition which enables such a community to exist. The whole means of life, then, in a certain sense, are based on labor. If we put the bearing and the rearing of children aside, every form of activity except labor may be absent, and a community may yet, within certain limits, flourish; but if labor be absent, the community must cease to be; and no other kinds of activity are able to accomplish anything. Labor, therefore, stands for the majority of any given population in the first place; and it stands, in the second place, not for the majority only, but for a majority performing the one fundamental function which alone is universally necessary for the existence of the human race.

Hence, by a process of thought which is very simple and intelligible, the idea has arisen that, in all conditions of society (even those in which the production of wealth has been most highly developed), labor and the laboring classes represent, if not all, yet nearly all, of the human activities to which the wealth of the community is due. Other classes may possibly add something to the result; but the efficiency of these depends on the class that labors. The efficiency of the class that labors does not depend on these.

Now, as applied to certain conditions of society, this conception of labor would theoretically be true enough. Where all productive processes are carried on by individuals, either working singly or else in very small groups (as still happens in savage or semi-savage communities), the total product depends on the industrial efficiency of individuals, and bears a direct proportion to it. Even in such cases, however, this, as history shows us, has been true in an abstract rather than in a concrete sense. If all the members of one tribe had devoted themselves

to industry, whilst half the members of a neighboring tribe devoted themselves to the art of fighting, the former would in theory have twice as much wealth as the latter; but in practice the latter would undoubtedly have seized on the wealth of the former. Labor, therefore, in relation to actual social life, has, even in cases where theoretically its importance is greatest, not possessed the exclusive importance which certain thinkers assign to it. But waiving such considerations with regard to military efficiency, which I have used only as a passing illustration, let me go on to observe that, in exact proportion as labor is, in an economic sense, the main factor in production, it is inefficient, and the product is small; whilst in proportion as it becomes a subordinate factor, though it can never cease to be a necessary one, the productive power of the community, as a whole, increases. Manual labor, in short, as related to the facts of progress, is simply the productive unit, which is multiplied by other forces; and these other forces consist of the various faculties and activities by which manual labor is directed and co-ordinated. In other words, labor, as such, is essentially non-progressive. The extremes of manual skill, as devoted to individual tasks, were reached very early in the history of civilization. They are to be found in savage tribes to-day. The relation of labor to the causes of industrial progress may be illustrated by a comparison between a geographical treatise written and printed to-day, and one written and printed, let us say, in the time of Aldus. The former would, of course, as compared with the latter, represent an immense advance in geographical knowledge, and this enlarged knowledge would be conveyed to us by means of the printed characters. But so far as these characters themselves were concerned, the compositors of

Aldus would have done their work as well as the compositors of to-day. The modern treatise would be superior to the old one, because the movements of the compositors' hands had been made in accordance with a new set of instructions given, through his manuscript, by a man in possession of new knowledge. The work of the compositors may stand for the non-progressive efficiency of labor. The superiority of the new treatise to the old one may stand for the progressive forces by which manual labor is directed. The same thing holds good of all the advances that have been made in manufacturing machinery, in applied chemistry, in locomotion, the transmission of news, and so forth. Progress in all these cases has resulted not from any new dexterity on the part of manual laborers, but from new directions being imposed on the movements of innumerable hands, whose strength and precision to-day are no more than they were yesterday. And to this progressive work of directing each pair of hands singly must be added the work of co-ordinating the operations of innumerable pairs, so that they may eventuate in some one result.

Now, such being the case, as all industrial history shows us, whilst the faculties involved in labor are, to speak broadly, common to the human race, the faculties involved in the progressive direction of labor develop themselves in a minority only, and the highest of these, the most important and the most far-reaching in their effects, develop themselves only in a minority that is very small. The progress of industry, for example, as Herbert Spencer has pointed out, is largely based on mathematics of an abstruse kind, which, as our university examinations show, only a few of those most favorably circumstanced can master. No doubt to an eye that does not pierce below the surface of things, the build-

ing of an Atlantic liner and the navigating of it between England and America seem to be entirely the work of manual labor—of such labor as the Labor members claim to represent in their own persons; but it requires the exertion of very little intelligence to see that such labor is merely the tool of other faculties that lie behind it—the faculties of the mathematician, the astronomer, the chemist, the master of applied science, of the great industrial organizer, which are in their highest and most efficient developments not found in one man out of a thousand.

It is needless and impossible here to elaborate this fact farther. It is enough to say briefly that the faculties which make labor progressively efficient, which maintain its increased efficiencies and alone prevent them from disappearing, are not only incomparably rarer than manual labor itself, but differ from it essentially in this fundamental particular—that whereas manual labor, as such, is the work of the single laborer engaged on a single task, the directing faculties operate simultaneously on an indefinite number of laborers, making to each a loan of the same kind of added efficiency.

The result is that those classes or persons, in whom the directing and organizing faculties are most successfully embodied, contribute an element to the productive power of a country out of all proportion to their number, which, compared with that of the laborers, is, as I have said, small. How, then, as social forces, do these two classes stand related? If we suppose them, in preparation for some act of formal antagonism, to be estimating the strength of their respective positions, the following assertions on either side will express the true nature of the situation. Labor will be able to say for itself: "I am the prime essential. I can exist in the absence of directing talent. I did so for thousands of years

before directing talent arose. But directing talent is powerless without me." On the other hand, the directing classes will be able to say to the laboring: "You may paralyze us, but you will not be emancipating yourselves. We do not make you toil. What makes you toil is Nature. We find the majority of mankind laboring with its hands and muscles owing to the same compulsion that makes the earth rotate and rivers flow downwards to the sea. You will have to labor, whether we direct you or no; but if we do not direct you, you will only have to work the harder. In some countries, no doubt, you could continue, on these terms, to exist; but in thickly peopled countries such as England even existence would be impossible for something like two-thirds of you. If, when you talk about the interests of labor, what you have in view is a gradual amelioration of the general conditions of toil, and an increase in your own share of those material goods which constitute the results of the general industrial process, you can hope for this only through co-operation of the directing classes, on whose activity the progressive efficiency of the industrial process depends."

In so far, then, as the Labor party of to-day really does what it purports to do—in so far as it represents the interests of labor as distinct from other interests, and opposed to them, it represents only a very small fraction of those interests and activities which are essential to its own welfare.

To this it is possible that the apologists of labor may answer, "We do not ignore or underrate the importance of the directing and organizing talents; but we claim that, amongst our ranks, we possess these talents ourselves." Now, such an argument, if seriously put forward, is, as we shall see presently, a complete abandonment of the labor position, as at present popularly

understood. It deserves, however, to have thus far said has been leading be carefully considered; and all that I up to it.

IV.

WHO DOES THE LABOR PARTY OF TO-DAY REALLY REPRESENT?

Spinoza was one of the world's greatest thinkers. He was also a manual laborer, whose occupation was grinding lenses. Rousseau was a thinker who, in a sense, was more influential than Spinoza. For a time he was a manual laborer who lived by copying music. But no one would say that Spinoza, in his doctrines as to God and substance, or even that Rousseau, in his theory of the origin of society, represented manual labor as embodied in opticians or copyists. The fact that they happened to be manual laborers was an accident; and their influence had nothing to do with the practice of their respective trades. In the same way it is possible, and indeed highly probable, that amongst the laboring classes of this country to-day there may be all kinds of exceptional talent maturing themselves which will make their possessors influential in other ways than that of labor. But in whatever cases such a development takes place, and in so far as it takes place, the men who acquire influence of the kinds in question cease in any direct sense to represent ordinary labor, and represent instead one or more of the exceptional qualities, such as intellect, sagacity, imagination, strength of will, or knowledge, to which the influence of all influential men has been due, from the Caesars, the Napoleons, the Platos, the Shakespeares, and the Newtons downwards. Our Labor members, in so far as they are men with any special aptitudes for politics, may indeed give expression to the desires of the laboring classes; but they do not, in virtue of being manual laborers themselves, represent average labor in any more direct way than Lord Shaftesbury did two

generations since. Their special qualifications as legislators arise from their possession of qualities in which they differ from the ordinary workman, not from those in which they resemble him. Let us, then, ask what, so far as we are in a position to judge, the special qualities are with which the present Labor representatives are equipped for their work as legislators? And we may ask this question in no offensive spirit, because the only fact on which it will be necessary for us to dwell is not positive or personal, but purely general and negative.

Let us assume that these representatives are men as amply endowed as are capable politicians of any other class, with those general political talents which deserve and command distinction. It is probable that many of them are in this way really exceptional. But whatever may be the higher gifts of intellect and talent represented by them, there are certain talents and capacities intimately connected with the welfare of the laboring, as of all other classes, in which they are, one and all of them, conspicuously and almost avowedly deficient. In addition to being, as we assume them to be, men of exceptional talents generally, they are doubtless in their own trades capable and honest laborers; but there are certain faculties to which no one of them makes the slightest claim, and of which no one of them, so far as we can judge, possesses even the germ; and these are those faculties of direction, of industrial organization, and of enterprise on which the whole efficiency of labor in a society such as ours depends.

In saying this I am not speaking at random. I have referred already to

an account of the Labor members, published in *The Review of Reviews*, and compiled from information furnished by the Labor members themselves. In this very illuminating document they mention the more important of the books which have appealed to them and influenced their lives, guiding their thoughts and energies into the channels most congenial to their characters. The more noticeable of these books may be divided into three sections, the first comprising works which belong to general literature, historical, and imaginative; the second comprising works which represent political and social sentiment; the third comprising works which deal with political and social questions scientifically. Those comprised in the first section are classics with all educated readers, such as the Bible, Bunyan, Gibbon, Macaulay, Shakespeare, Pope, Dickens, Scott, and Lytton. Those comprised in the second section—the section of social and political sentiment—consist almost exclusively of certain works by Carlyle and Ruskin. Of those comprised in the third section—the section of social and political science—a few are the works of extreme socialists, such as Marx; but those which have most readers are the works of Henry George and Mill. Out of the hundred most important books mentioned by forty-three Labor members as influencing them, nearly four-fifths consist, in addition to the Bible, of certain works by the following seven writers, which I give in the order of their popularity. Ruskin, Carlyle, Dickens, Henry George, Scott, J. S. Mill, and Bunyan. Special mention is made of Ruskin by fourteen of the Labor members, of Carlyle by twelve, of Dickens by ten, of Henry George by ten, of Scott by seven, of J. S. Mill by seven, and of Bunyan by six. Special prominence is given to the Bible by ten.

Now, we may pause here to note

briefly in passing that of these writers, to whom the "direct" representatives of labor tell us that they owe so much, no one, with the exception of Bunyan, was in any sense a representative of manual labor himself. Carlyle was the son of a laborer. Dickens perhaps during one period of his youth might have been claimed by the laboring classes as one of their own number. But Dickens and Carlyle became influential and famous by exchanging the activities of labor for activities of another kind. The qualities which have endeared Scott to readers of all classes are distinctively the qualities of the noblest type of country gentleman. Ruskin's personal or direct connection with labor was limited to his attempts, for a year or so, to break a few stones near Oxford. The moral of all this is—and it is here pointed by the Labor members themselves—that the special kind of activity represented by the laboring classes requires for their own sake to be supplemented by the activities of other classes, numerically small and exerting themselves in a different way.

But the fact to which I mainly desire to call the reader's attention is one far more precise than this. It is not the fact that the books by which the Labor members have been chiefly influenced are not the books of men who were themselves laborers. It is the fact that of all these books, *no single one has any bearing whatsoever on the practical processes of production*. None gives a single hint available by any human being as to how so much labor, when directed by the productive intellect, may be enabled to produce more than it does at present, or how new openings may be found for it when at present it is involuntarily idle. One of the main objects of the Labor members is to secure for the manual laborer an increasing abundance of the products of the national industry; but

how the productivity of this industry is to be increased, how it is to be even maintained, and readapted to constantly changing circumstances—here is a class of questions on which the writers who have influenced the Labor members do not condescend to touch. And yet for the laborers, more than for any other class, these are the questions which practically underlie everything. The processes by which the few loaves and fishes are to be multiplied must precede all disputes as to the manner in which they are to be dealt out to the multitude.

Let me illustrate this by a case which accords with actual fact. In a town or district in this country, once the seat of the silk industry, the silk mills are gradually closed, and the owners ruined, in consequence of foreign competition. Labor loses what has long been its chief employment, and distress amongst the operatives at last becomes widespread, acute, and notorious. Members of the Labor party, doubtless with the best intentions, visit the neighborhood, expatiate on the prevalent suffering, preach the doctrine of the minimum wage, the duty of the State to provide work where there is no normal demand for it, and advocate at a series of meetings extending over many months the application of this or that political remedy. Meanwhile a body of men, making no appeals to philanthropy, have been elaborating in private, some new species of implement, such as the bicycle or the motor-car, and in consequence of their efforts new industries develop themselves. Bicycle factories and motor-car factories take the place of silk mills, and the means of earning wages become more ample than ever. Which of these sets of men—the representatives of labor, who merely advocate new methods of distributing diminishing products, or the directors of labor, who organize the means by which production is reinvig-

orated and increased, do most in repairing a catastrophe of the kind in question? It is quite conceivable that there may be room for the efforts of both; but it is evident that the latter do a work far more fundamental than the former. In one part of this country, there are, or were not so many years ago, two adjacent iron-works. The managers of the one were foremost in introducing the Bessemer process. The managers of the other neglected it. The former business has continued to provide employment and subsistence for a growing number of laborers. The employment provided by the latter continued steadily to decline.

What is it primarily that provides bread for a constantly increasing population? It is not the sentiments and aspirations, however beneficent in some ways, that emanate from men influenced by the Carlyles and the Ruskins. It is the brains of men like Bessemer, and of other men who know the value of them. What made the English iron trade that which it is to-day? Not the men who pre-occupy themselves with the ideal claims of labor, but the men whose nights and days were occupied with brooding over the specific methods by which the productivity and the products of labor might be amplified and improved.

It would be an interesting contribution to the history of industrial progress —of the process on which primarily the future of the laboring class depends—to compare the characters and the faculties of these two industrial types. Whilst one man, resembling the Labor members of to-day (according to their own account of themselves), is occupied with denouncing the wrongs and advancing the claims of labor, the other, like an Arkwright, a Watt, a Bessemer, or an Edison, is occupied with watching the action and powers of steam, or electricity, or the behavior of metals under this or that treatment, or is med-

itating on how some by-product, long wasted, may be utilized, on how some commodity, hitherto expensive, may be cheapened, or on how some want, long vaguely felt, may be satisfied by directing labor along hitherto untried courses.

Human nature is complex. The social and industrial process is complex; and in that complex organism, society, there is room for many kinds of effort. As the industrial process of the nation advances, maintains, and readapts itself, circumstances will always arise in which the social interests of labor will require to be reconsidered and safeguarded; and there will thus always be a place for those who give to the interests of labor their special sympathy and attention. With the increase of wealth, there will also be always an increase in the amount which labor, though it has not produced it, will have the power, and therefore the practical right, to claim. Many of the directors of labor have recognized this, and have been foremost in their endeavors to forward the welfare of those employed by them; but all classes, whether rich or poor, have, like all bargainers, as all history shows us, a tendency to undue prejudice in favor of their own position. The directors of labor are no exception to this rule; and there will always be room for representatives through whom labor itself will be able to ventilate and give weight to its own claims. That a certain amount of bitterness should from time to time arise when different classes thus confront each other as bargainers is most probably inevitable. What we may hope for, and work for, is the reduction of this bitterness to a minimum; and the primary condition essential to this end is that each party should recognize the legitimate position of the other. The directors of labor should not treat labor as a rebel; nor should labor treat the directors of labor as plunderers.

The only danger, so far as labor is concerned, is that it should overestimate its political powers, not that it should use them. Superficially considered, its powers may seem overwhelming; but, in the long run, they are not so. They may be so for short periods, but for short periods only; and, during those short periods, what sort of powers are they? The powers of multitudes whose sole principle of solidarity consists in the fact that they all work with their hands, are purely obstructive or destructive. The typical weapon of labor as such is the strike; but no general strike can be more than a passing episode. Men may refuse to work under the direction of this or that employer; but behind the employer stands the real taskmaster, which is Nature. Sooner or later Nature drives them back to toil; and meanwhile, if the strike has been sufficiently widespread and prolonged, there has been a corresponding dislocation of the machinery on which the efficacy of toil depends. Again, another of the typical powers of labor when massed together for purposes of political self-assertion is the direct power of destruction. Any knot of "loud-mouthed ragamuffins" (as Mr. Keir Hardie calls all of his own class who disagree with him) could wreck the Forth Bridge, burn the British Museum, turn the Elgin Marbles into lime, and all the pictures in the National Gallery into tinder; but not even the animal life of man, still less any rudiment of comfort or civilization, can be brought into being by labor in the exercise of such a power as this. What politicians of a certain type are always in danger of forgetting is that the destructive or obstructive powers of a mere multitude have nothing whatever to do with any powers that are constructive; and it is through the constructive powers that all men alike live. It is only through constructive powers of the highest and most elaborate kind,

unremittingly exercised, that populations enjoy any of the comforts and other advantages of civilization, or that in thickly populated countries, such as our own, they are able to live at all. To adapt a line of Mr. Kipling's, we may say with profound truth, "Little they know of labor, who only labor know."

The only general criticisms of an adverse kind that can be called for by the Labor party as at present constituted, are that its members are too apt to forget the above fundamental fact, and to attribute to labor as such greater powers and importance than it possesses in a complex civilization such as our own; and farther, that its members, in proportion to the exceptional character of their abilities, fail to represent average labor directly, and represent it only in that indirect way in which it might be represented by any statesmen of equal ability, no matter what their class. The fact, however, remains, that the claims of the laboring classes do require, in a complex so-

cietry such as ours, not merely as a matter of sentiment, but as a matter of dispassionate statesmanship, a constant and expert attention directed specially to themselves; and that the best way of insuring the nation against demands on the part of labor that are unreasonable, is to satisfy, and if possible, to anticipate, those that are just and reasonable. To satisfy or anticipate these may well tax the powers of the most gifted politicians and administrators. The interests of labor, as distinct from the interests of other classes, deserve, on all grounds, the services of such men as these; but labor, as understood and represented by our present Labor members, must learn that it represents only one force out of many, on which the welfare of the poorest, no less than that of the richest, is dependent; and that if its claims exceed that which the underlying facts of society warrant, it will in the long run be worsted by forces which in the long run are greater than its own.

W. H. Mallock.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

THE LAYING WASTE OF PLEASANT PLACES

A most important character in the fairy-tales that passed for history in the childhood of the world was the dragon—a scaly beast with poisonous breath and flaming eyes, whose favorite food was a king's daughter. Though the circumstances of his final slaying varied from the bold attack of England's patron saint to the subterfuges of more wily knights, yet the same record is invariably found written against his name—"he laid waste the country round, so that nothing grew therein"—a terrible indictment. "Our pleasant things are laid waste," said Isaiah of old, with that touch of the picturesque that helps to make of the Hebrew prophets such very human

reading. He himself knew something of the ways and habits of these winged beasts, who only live for us now on minted coin or in heraldic device, but it was not of these he was thinking when he made this particular plaint. For the waste-layers in his day were men, and the pleasant things the great cities with their outer ring of gardens; those wonderful Eastern gardens of sweet smells that haunt our imaginations with their brightness of color and gorgeous opulence of vegetation, gardens he must have known well and loved much.

We, too, have our waste-layers, whom we distinguish by a variety of names—Boards of Works, Ecclesiastical Com-

missioners, Urban and County Councils, Corporations, Building Societies, Boards of Management for great estates. For, after all, the name is of but little moment; the chief thing is they do their work, and do it, for the most part, very effectively, with all the ardor of progressive reformers who think the new order of such infinite superiority to the old that there is no need either for protest or apology. Looked at dispassionately and summed up briefly, the characteristic of this age of ours is destruction. To pull down, cut down, root up is the ultimate end of the waste-layer's ambition, and, ably aided by builders and contractors, the work goes on silently but surely. A number of foolish theories have caught hold of the minds of the people, and helped to bring about a state of things not only undesirable, but (using the word in its highest sense) immoral, and for one at least of these a phrase must be accounted responsible. The English are not, we know, an imaginative race, nor do their ideals ever take spiritual and intangible shape; yet a phrase—often but half understood—can stir them to action, and so whoever first spoke of the "lungs of a great city" did thereby unwittingly do unto great cities grievous harm.

By the lungs of a city are meant briefly its parks and pleasure-grounds that serve as a reminder for town-tired eyes how beautiful nature must be in the far-away country where she is free and unfettered, instead of being clipped and trimmed into a highly civilized dress for all the world like some painted city madam. Yet to depreciate the value of any one of these carefully tended open spaces would be not only ungrateful but absurd; unhappily the tendency among us is not to underrate but rather to overrate the value of our public playgrounds. That fatal phrase, the lungs of a city, has been the waste-layer's excuse for the whole-

sale devastation that has turned our big towns into deserts of brick and stone—howling wildernesses where no one wishes to live, but from which we make our escape as quickly as the train or tramway will let us. These parks where tramps may sleep and children play have been declared by experts to be the salvation of cities—the country placed as though by magic in the midst of crowded streets, courts and alleys, and it is assumed that these big breathing-places are all-sufficient for the needs of some odd millions of people. So slowly, silently, the pleasant places are being laid waste; in other words the little gardens are disappearing to make way for great blocks of tall ugly flats.

The ideal city, built with equal regard for health and beauty, is the city of low-roofed houses, each with a garden at its back; a garden no matter how small, so long as it holds a plot of green grass and a shady tree. Flowers, too, if you will, though flowers can be had in other ways, as in window boxes or pots, and they will grow, some of them, very nearly as well in a room as out of doors. But a tree and a grass plot are a part of man's birth-right and his especial share of mother earth's broad bosom, and he should find them in the little garden that is all his own. In the front of a house—with a gravel walk and bed of geraniums guarded by an iron gate, so familiar a sight in newly-built suburbs—a garden makes but little for either health or happiness, for there is here no suggestion of either solitude or seclusion and no possible pretence of being in the country; but at the back of a house a garden has all the charm of the unexpected. Outside the house may look very much like its near neighbors in the dull or busy street; once inside, the garden makes its presence known. Out of its windows the eye can rest contentedly on something

green and fresh; creepers hang about the high walls, and the coming of spring is felt as surely here as in happy valleys or on the sides of wooded hills. The little garden has meant much in many a life; children have played in it, lovers have walked in it, old folk have dreamed in it: the actual size is of but little consequence, for we do not need the Japanese (accomplished artists though they be in the art of seeing much in little) to teach us that we may find the whole round world in a little garden as easily as in a big one.

But the little garden in the city will soon be merely a memory. It is not only in London that the builders are busy superintending the pulling down of picturesque old houses and the felling of trees; for in any town of any size the fever of destruction has seized upon the local authorities, and the land is being eaten up by bricks and mortar. Side by side with the cry for the building of garden cities comes the devastation of everything that once went to make our English towns beautiful, and in spite of the excellent work done by certain societies, the ruthless havoc continues. The most notable recent example in London itself is to be seen in St. John's Wood, once a garden city of exceptional beauty and even now not without charm. The railway and the Howard de Walden estate have laid waste these pleasant places, and there was more than a touch of irony in the fact that at the very moment when speeches were being made at the unveiling of the memorial to the late Onslow Ford in Grove End Road in praise of the beauty of the artists' quarter, not a stone's throw away were being destroyed beautiful old gardens (in whose tall trees thrushes and blackbirds sang, and under whose walls lilies and roses grew in luxuriant loveliness) in order to build a block of artisans' dwellings in a *cul de sac*.

It may be reasonably objected that

artisans must be housed, and if there is no room for them in a city that is for ever enlarging its borders, then, at whatever cost and sacrifice, room must be made. To this objection it is not probable that any one will make demur, but there is a considerable difference of opinion as to where and how the sacrifice should be made. In all our large towns we have a network of poor, mean, congested streets for which no one can pretend either sentiment or affection; streets that degrade rather than beautify, streets it would be a positive kindness to demolish. It is in these congested areas that the new buildings might with advantage arise, in all their ugliness of asphalt court and common stairway built on the familiar lines to which the architects of even more highly rented dwellings have by this time so well accustomed us. The people who will live in them are not likely to be disquieted by the loss of their old homes, for they will merely be exchanging one kind of architectural ugliness for another and possibly a cleaner, and still be living in their old environment—a circumstance that weighs more heavily with the poor than the rich; and the landlord too should be well content (more especially the landlord who poses on a platform as a philanthropist), for he will fill his pockets very comfortably by the transaction. Each room will have its price in these new rabbit-warrens as it did in the tumble-down houses on whose ruins they are built, so that the value of the ground will be enormously increased by each additional story raised; but while the workman will have his home and the landlord his rents, the pleasant places—the spots of greenery that mark the old city as distinct from the new—will remain undisturbed.

It must be matter of wonder for many thoughtful people, where the real advantages are to be found under these new conditions of city life? Will

these closely packed dwellings be found to be either so sanitary or so desirable as their advocates have claimed them to be, and will they eventually help us to solve the problem of what we are to do with our overflowing population? On the question of sanitation, a layman must perforce be silent, but I was lately shown over a monster block of newly finished artisans' flats by the clerk of the works under whose able direction they had grown into being. As we stood leaning over the railings looking down into the dark well of the common stairway—deserted now, but so soon to be filled with teeming life—he said suddenly, "I wonder when people will get tired of these huge rabbit-warrens, and realize what a mistake they are making. I should be sorry to bring up any child in a place like this! Just fancy what it will be when it is packed full, and men stand here after a long day's work looking down as we are looking down, and the smell of all the refuse comes up to them like incense on a hot summer night! Only think of it! It is all very well to say if the people were clean there would be no smells; they are not clean, and you cannot make them clean. And the rooms are small at the best, and the children will play here on rainy days with the women hanging round, and the sun never shines into one half of the rooms. It cannot be helped. If you have to put so many human beings in a certain limit of space at a certain limit of price, it is no use to trouble about south aspects. It is done for philanthropy, they tell me, but, all the same, the landlord means to make it pay. But I tell you now what will come one day creeping up these stairs—typhoid."

"Do you believe people ever will realize that all this is a mistake?" I asked at last.

"They must one of these days—they cannot help themselves. The cry for

garden cities is in itself a healthy sign, but what puzzles me is that any one should have ever wished to destroy such a garden city as this once was to build such a place as this. I admit the overcrowding under the old system was terrible, but we are applying the wrong sort of remedy."

That it is the wrong remedy there can be as little doubt as that we shall, for some years to come in all probability, continue to apply it. Land grows more valuable every day, and, human nature being what it is, the temptation to pile story upon story and make a big profit out of each is too strong to be resisted, even should my clerk of the works' prophecy come true, and typhoid climb with silent steps up the common stairway. The great contractors and smaller builders hold a vital interest in the question as well as the owners of the land; they look upon all open spaces as so much wanton waste, and crawl over the earth like a plague of locusts making it desolate with the slime of their mortar and the dust of their bricks.

It is possible, though by no means easy, to forgive the demolition of beautiful old buildings if it can be proved they are to make way for something that shall be of greater use to a greater number of people. They have had their day and served their purpose, and though it is hard to part with them, it is on the whole a less heart-breaking business than to see them subjected to the humiliation and indignity of (so-called) restoration. But it is not possible to forgive the dragon who swallows up fields and trees, laying the land waste so that nothing grows thereon. First of all we had to lament, with Isaiah, the destruction of our cities and the ring of gardens that hedged them round and made them beautiful. How many London suburbs have, of late years, been ruined by the big flats, the rows of shops, the small

villas, and the tramway lines? The little houses with their gardens, that used to make the approach to the city in spring-time a very vision of delight, have nearly all disappeared: Fulham, Dulwich, Brixton, Clapham, Putney, even hilly Hampstead, are but ghosts of their former selves, and still the bricks and mortar have their way, and these pleasant places will soon be all but forgotten.

It is not London alone that has suffered. The Surrey hills, where once sweet solitude could be found, are being rapidly converted into a city annexe, and the heather and gorse parcelled out into building lots for monster boarding-houses and hotels; and as London creeps out in one direction so do other big towns follow her example. Portsmouth—the home of gallant ships—formerly stood in the midst of greenery; but now the lines of mean streets are growing and spreading until a few fields and old houses at Milton (once a typical Hampshire village of thatched cottages and blossoming orchards) is all that is now left to remind us the island was once fertile and lovely. Through the whole land it is the same story—improvements that spell ruin to beauty but delight the souls of councils and corporations.

But there is more to be regretted than the loss of mere beauty. "The greatest curse of poverty," said a thoughtful and philosophic writer, "is the lack of solitude," and this eating of the land (with its necessary killing of solitude) is having its due effect upon our character as a nation. Certain virtues are the result of a close contact with mother earth—a sweet wholesomeness of mind, and a clean outlook that no amount of "exceptions" will ever explain away—and as we put these far from us, so do we lose something for which no amount of education or any other material advantage can ever compensate us. In a dim,

unsatisfactory, halfhearted way we understand this, and so raise the cry of "back to the land," while all the while we are cutting the ground from under our feet by destroying the land to the best of our ability.

Those who have lived among the very poor either in great or small towns are all agreed as to the refining influence of the little garden, or even the window-box with its pots of flowers. A servant who once waited upon me in a dreary London lodging, struck me with her air of refinement and simplicity, and one day I asked her if she were a country girl? "No," she said, "but I have a nice home and such a beautiful garden." The home, I found, was near Commercial Road, Whitechapel, and the garden a grassed yard with a lilac-tree growing in it and a vine climbing over the back of the house, and here "Father sat and smoked on Sundays"; but some of the sweetness of the lilac had grown into her heart and set her apart from the girls whose only playground had been the streets or a dirty area. Nor is this by any means a fanciful picture. Employers of labor who (from motives of economy or any other reason) have moved their works from town to country can tell their story too, and speak of the change that comes over men taken away from squalid surroundings and brought into closer touch with nature. Restive at first, and impatient to get back to their old haunts, the spirit of the country gradually takes hold of them, until insensibly they change, and develop quite unguessed-at capabilities for quiet healthful enjoyment.

It seems strange that, while fully realizing all the country means to us and recognizing the value to our moral as well as our physical being of every blade of grass, we should make no effort to save our pleasant places. Do we forget that ours is a very small

island—far too small to hold comfortably its own sons and daughters, still less the strangers within its gates; or have we learned to look upon modern science as in truth such a miracle-worker that we think by building high houses, and filling them as full as we dare, we shall create a new order of beings who will not need the green earth and its quiet ways, but will wax fat and prosper under these new conditions of life? Long ago Ruskin made his reasoned appeal to the nation to save some common land as playgrounds for its children; but in spite of the protests of all right-thinking people, and the all praiseworthy exertions of the society that has taken this especial duty under its care, the work of uprooting goes on.

Where will it end? Will any green breathing-spaces be left to us, or will the dreary work go on until, from John o'Groats to Land's End, it is all one long stretch of houses, a gigantic city that shall cover the land? For we are under the heel of the builder and have gone back to the Stone Age. Whatever the builder covets, that he

must have—little garden, large park, or heather-clad heath; there is no one to say him nay; and, like the despot he is, there would seem to be no limit to his misuse of power.

"Who will rid me of this tyrant?" cried a greatly exasperated monarch and straightway three knights came forth to do his bidding. But there is no such possibility of rescue for us. To penalize the cutting down of a single tree for the next thirty years or so; to forbid the erection of any building, unless upon ground that has already been used for that purpose, would be to enact laws so wise, so good, so excellent, that we fear no Parliament would ever be found to pass them; to see that only ill-built and insanitary houses were pulled down, a method so sensible that no authorities would countenance it. Yet the evil is so great that it needs a drastic remedy, but even if one were found, who would dare to apply it? Only in Utopia would it be possible to hang a certain number of county councillors, builders and contractors, that they might serve as an object-lesson to others.

The Gentleman's Magazine.

WILD WHEAT.

BY M. E. FRANCIS (MRS. FRANCIS BLUNDELL). AUTHOR OF "LYCHGATE HALL," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

PRUE.

One Sunday morning, shortly after Peter's removal, Prue heard the swing of the little gate, followed by a tap at the door. On opening it she found herself face to face with Peter himself—Peter, looking worn and haggard, but even "more the gentleman," as she said to herself, than when he dwelt under their roof. This was probably due to the fact of his having for that occasion

exchanged his keeper's clothes for a suit from his former stock.

"They are all out but me," said Prue.
"They are all at church."

"I knew they would be," returned he.
"I chose this time on purpose—I came to see you."

She opened the parlor door, but he stepped past her into the kitchen. His eyes fell at once on an unaccustomed object on the deal table. In an uncovered box lay the doll, neatly tucked away under a tiny white sheet. The

face, with its closed eyes, was uncovered, and a few violets were arranged upon its breast.

"Why, what are you about here?" inquired he, struggling to repress a smile.

"I'm going to bury Nancy," said Prue solemnly. "Mother says I'm grown-up now; she has made me put up my hair—haven't you noticed? And I feel altogether too old to have a doll about, so I thought while they were all away I'd just get it over."

She spoke very rapidly and confusedly, growing red and pale by turns. She had scarcely dared to raise her eyes to his face since his entrance. Peter was also nervous, but inclined to be silent. He glanced at Prue's hair as she drew attention to it. He had indeed noticed an indefinite change in her appearance, but hitherto had not identified it. Though her waving, dark locks no longer flowed free, the alteration, instead of ageing her, had the contrary effect: it was such a little, round neck that was now exposed to view, every curve was so soft; the tendrils of hair that clustered round the nape and about the small ears were almost babyish. Peter's grave, abstracted gaze rested on them without lightening, however; and when he spoke it was in a set, monotonous tone, as though repeating a lesson previously well conned.

"I have come to see you for a very particular purpose. Sit down and let me tell you about it."

He seated himself on the settle as he spoke, and she dropped down beside him.

"You know all that has happened to me," he went on, after a pause. "I have no secrets from you. I can deal with you fairly and squarely, without the fear of being misunderstood."

She nodded breathlessly, her lips becoming a little white, her eyes expectant, almost fearful.

"You said to me once, weeks ago," he resumed, in the same measured tone, "that no one would ever love you in a very romantic kind of way. You said that, among the people you knew, a man generally picked out some girl who chanced to be near at hand, or whom for some reason or other it happened to be convenient to court. Yet these marriages turn out all right for the most part."

He spoke in the tone of one who repeated a familiar argument, and seemed to be trying to convince himself as much as his listener.

"Why do you say this to me?" asked Prue suddenly.

There was a fire in her eyes which he had never seen there before.

"Because," he returned slowly, "I am thinking of making such a marriage myself. The romantic side of me is all gone—withered up, destroyed; but all the same I must live on, and do my duty to God and to the world like any other man—any other working man. I can't live quite alone—I have found that out since I have been yonder. I can't manage in any way by myself; so I am going to take a mate to keep my house for me. And now I have come to you, Prue. You know just how much I can give. I don't feel that I am robbing you, since you say yourself you would get no more from any one else."

Prue's hands were clasped in her lap—clasped so tightly that the tips of her fingers showed white beneath their tan. She looked at Peter steadily.

"Of course," she said—in a voice so toneless that it might have been an echo of his—"of course I would get no more from any one else."

Then all at once her voice broke, and her great eyes became soft.

"If you want me," she faltered, "if you want me, you know I must come."

Her look became unconsciously appealing, and she continued brokenly:

"After all—after all you chose me—you came first to me."

A word would have comforted her, but he could not say that word; he was too honest to endeavor to deceive her.

"I came to you," he said slowly, "because you know all about me, and because, though God knows I am not worth it, I think you love me."

She started, pressing her hands to her bosom and turning away her face, but not before he had caught the look that flashed over it—a look of such passionate reproach that he drew back aghast. He had seen such a look once in the eyes of a deer which had been wounded to death. A sudden disgust of himself came upon him. Was not this, after all, a dastardly piece of business? She asked for bread and he was giving her a stone.

"Prue," he cried impulsively, "I don't know how I dared come to you with such a tale. I can't imagine what I was thinking of. I—oh, forget what I have said! You have a right, my dear, to the fondest love that ever a man could feel. Why should I destroy your chances? I am a selfish brute."

She turned towards him again, smiling faintly and shaking her head.

"Don't say that," she said; "it's all true—every word you said. I—I—you know all about me, just the same as I know about you. I—I'd rather have you than any one else in the world. I'll be your true wife; I'll keep your house so well as I can, and I—won't expect—"

Her voice broke into a sob.

Peter's hand closed over hers, and silence fell between them. He would have given worlds to be able to play the lover, but his heart felt as heavy as lead; the very consciousness of the sorry figure he was cutting increased his depression.

"I will be good to you," he said at length. "I will work hard for you; I will be a kind and faithful husband."

"Oh, I know you will be all that," returned she, with a little flickering smile. After a pause she went on: "I'll be bringing you a little bit of money, you know. Father's been saving it for me ever since I was born."

"Oh, Prue," broke out Peter, with a groan, "I don't want your bit of money, my dear; I couldn't take it. I just want you—you yourself."

He felt her hand flutter in his, and saw her face light up.

"You really want me!" she cried; and then, meeting his sorrowful gaze, continued quickly: "There, don't say any more. Let me just have that to remember—you did say it once—you said you wanted me."

"And so I do," he returned, with an attempt at lightness; "I want you very much. You should see my house all at sixes and sevens—and then it is so lonely. I wonder if you will mind the loneliness, by the way. It stands all by itself in a corner of the downs, with the woods on one side and the downs rolling, rolling for miles on the other. There's not another house within reach—there is not even a road. Perhaps you had better see it before you decide."

But Prue shook her head.

"Well, let us be married as soon as we can," he resumed, in those even tones which had no hint of eagerness in them. "There is no reason for waiting, is there? Shall I come over tomorrow or next day and take you off to the registry office? They would do the job in a moment there, and we could go home together without any fuss—just you and I."

"Oh, no!" cried Prue, looking shocked and wounded. "Oh, Mr. Hounsell, whatever we do, let us at least have God's blessing!"

"I beg your pardon," he returned; "it's quite natural you should object, and I myself—if any one had told me a year ago that I should make such a

suggestion I wouldn't have believed it. But I—there are reasons. My mother—but it doesn't really matter—nothing matters. We'll get the Rector to marry us, Prue; you shall have a wedding like any other girl. Heaven knows you are giving up enough. We must see about it at once, and you must make your wedding-gown and ask your friends. Of course, you want a proper wedding, with a cake, and everything! One doesn't get married every day."

"You know I don't care a pin for all that," said she. "I—I only want to do what's right."

She spoke humbly enough, those eloquent eyes of hers pleading for his forgiveness; yet, nevertheless, Peter felt that on this point she would stand firm, and he liked her the better for it.

He rose. Prue rose, too.

"Good-bye for the present," said Peter.

"Good-bye," she returned.

He put his arm about her and kissed her, awkwardly enough. She permitted the salute, but did not return it.

"Won't you kiss me back, Prue?" he asked, almost in a whisper. "We are engaged now."

"Yes, if you like," said Prue, and touched his cheek with her lips. "Mr. Hounsell," she went on, with a crimson face and speaking very fast, "you needn't carry on like that, you know, just to oblige me. I don't look for it, really."

"Oh, Prue," he cried, and caught her in his arms, this time with real tenderness; "oh, my poor little Prue!"

She yielded to his embrace for the fraction of a minute, and then gently pushed him away from her.

Peter took up his hat and went out without another word; and Prue, after listening till his steps were no longer audible, dropped on her knees beside the table and cried as if her heart would break.

CHAPTER XX.

SOLEMN VOWS.

When Mrs. Meadoway announced the engagement of her daughter Prue to Mr. Peter Hounsell, late of Hounsell's House, the news created quite a stir. The wedding, which followed hard upon its heels, was destined to be a great gathering. Meadoway relations galore were duly invited, as was also Mrs. Meadoway's sister Jane, who, but for that unfortunate rheumatic fever, might have occupied the post which she now filled herself; also her Aunt Sabina, and several cousins. All who were bidden agreed to come, some from curiosity, others actuated by a more kindly spirit. Peter had offered one faint protest on hearing that Mr. and Mrs. Barnes from the Blue Lion were included amongst the guests, but had been silenced by an indignant query from his future mother-in-law: Was he ashamed of Prudentia? she wanted to know.

Thenceforth his lips were sealed.

Nevertheless, he looked and felt strangely out of place in the midst of the motley crew assembled on the church steps which he had so often trodden with all Sabbath decorum beside his mother and Godfrey. He was escorting his mother-in-law now, and she wore a terra-cotta silk dress, and a bonnet adorned with what seemed to be a peony. In front of them walked Meadoway and his daughter, the keeper in a bran new coat, the collar of which pushed up his hair at the back so that it bore an even stronger resemblance than usual to the thatch which it always recalled. Peter's consciousness that, mingling with the triumphant concourse of new relations, were several village folk who had known him from his infancy, and till the last half-year looked up to him as their superior, did not tend to increase his equanimity; and when, on entering

the church, he took up his position, beneath the Rector's eye, his face was crimson with humiliation. He could not meet that glance. His old friend—the master who had entertained such high hopes on his behalf—what must he think of him now?

But, indeed, Peter knew well enough what he thought of him. When the subject of "calling home" the couple had first been broached by Keeper Meadoway it not only evoked a storm of indignation, but a very severe letter to the prospective bridegroom. Yet the lines, incisive though they were, were penned more in sorrow than in anger; and Peter could almost have wept over his friend's bitter disappointment and his own inability to set himself right in his eyes.

The Rector, like every one else, found in this extraordinary entanglement the motive of Peter's hitherto inexplicable conduct. Of course it was his passion for Prue which had first led him astray, and which had beguiled him from his home and caused him to forego his birthright. Mr. Bunning was indeed sorely puzzled. Prue was a good girl—he curtly imposed silence on all who would have insinuated the contrary; the girl was a good girl. How, then, had she obtained such a hold over a man of Peter's standing? How was it possible that he, whose tastes and aspirations were of a more refined and ambitious order than belonged even to his own sphere, should have thus consented to lower himself irrevocably?

Peter had not answered the Rector's letter, and now, as has been said, he could not at once bring himself to meet his glance. Yet when the ceremony actually began, and he heard Prue's first tremulous response, he pulled himself together. What was the sacrifice he was making for her in comparison to that which she was making for him? His voice grew firmer as he turned his

gaze steadily upon her. She wore, by her mother's desire, a white dress and a wreath and veil. Prue's own taste, however, had asserted itself in the extreme simplicity both of fashion and material, and she looked more like a maiden robed for confirmation than a bride. She was pale, and her face looked very small, and when she extended that little, toil-worn, brown hand of hers it trembled like a leaf. As he touched it, Peter's self-possession entirely returned to him, and he made the rest of the responses with his eyes full on the Rector's face.

"You'll shake hands with me, sir?" he said, when they met afterwards in the vestry.

The Rector wrung his hand in silence, and then glanced at Prue.

"God bless you, child," he said; and, turning once more to Peter: "You have undertaken a heavy responsibility. Be good to her!"

Coming down the church, which was crowded not only with guests, but with mere onlookers, Peter stumbled all at once, but recovering himself went onward with a more rapid step. Had Prue dared to raise her eyes, however, she would have noticed his sudden pallor. In the remotest corner of that dark little church he had noted a gleam of gold under a wide-brimmed black hat, the momentary upturning of a pair of blue—very blue—eyes.

When, after long and tedious merry-making in the overcrowded cottage, Prue and he at last drove off in the gig which was to convey them home, they passed in the wintry dusk the figure of a solitary horseman. Peter whipped up the pony, and the rider simultaneously touched his mount with his heel. Nevertheless, as they flashed past each other each recognized his brother.

"That was Mr. Godfrey, wasn't it?" asked Prue, in a low voice.

"Yes," said the new-made husband very sadly.

"I wish," said Prue, "I wish he had given you joy."

Peter made no answer.

"There were so many of them yonder drinking our healths and wishing us happiness," she went on; "but not one as belonged to you."

"You see," said Peter, after a silence, "I'm nothing to any of them now. I have done with them, and they have done with me. I am another man, and this is a new life. I don't want ever to be reminded of the other. You belong to me now, Prue, and that's enough."

They drove all the way to their new home; it was more than fifteen miles away, and the night was very cold. Peter did not speak much, but he was very tender to Prue, wrapping her up and taking every precaution for her comfort.

By-and-by the moon rose, and the sky became bright with stars; the leafless hedges and the grass-bordered roadside were a-glitter, too, with hoar-frost. As they drew nearer their destination, and forsook the beaten track for a rough path across the downs, they entered upon a fairy world, all silvery white beneath its vast, spangled canopy. Here and there a small copse or a tract of gorse broke the monotony of the rolling expanse, and at last a great dark wood rose up against the sky, with a little twinkling light to leeward of it.

"Yonder is our home, Prue," said Peter, breaking a long silence.

She turned to him impulsively, clinging to his arm with both hands. He pressed the hand nearest to him against his side, and then she withdrew both; but instead of tucking them away as before beneath her wrappings, she suffered them to lie loosely clasped on the rug which covered their knees. Peter saw her wedding-ring gleam in

the moonlight, and said to himself dully that this was his wife, and that he was bringing her home.

How often had he pictured the homecoming of his bride, and with what a wildly throbbing heart! But the fancied home was never a cottage on the downs, and the hand on which he placed his pledge was snow-white and very soft, not brown and roughened with work.

He stamped on the footboard and bit his lip, touching up the cob at the same time so sharply that the tired animal stumbled.

"We've come a long way," said Prue pleadingly; "don't be hard on the poor beast."

"I am in haste to be home," returned Peter; and he lashed the pony again, as though by forcing it to mend its pace he could fly from the tormenting, tantalizing thoughts that were pursuing him.

At last he pulled up before the little enclosure which marked off their home from the wild tract of down. The door was thrown open as they halted, and the woman who had been in charge for the day came hurrying out to meet them.

"You be terr'ble late, bain't ye, Mr. Hounsell?" she cried. "There, I were gettin' quite anxious. Well, an' here's the new Mrs. Hounsell. How d'y'e do, my dear? I hope you'll find yourself pretty comfortable. I've got everything ready—fire's burnin' nicely an' kettle's boilin', an' all. But I think I must wish ye good-night. It be so late, d'y'e see; the children 'ull be callin' out for L. My husband, there! he be no more good wi' children nor I'd be wi' harses! Good-night, Mr. Hounsell; good-night, my dear. I wish 'ee the best o' good luck. But I've nigh upon two mile to go, an' I don't think I can bide no longer."

"It's all right, Mrs. Whittle," said Peter. "Will you go into the house, Prue,

while I take the pony round to the shed and make him comfortable for the night?"

It was a borrowed pony, and Peter was no doubt right in attending to its needs at once; but Prue felt a little forlorn as she crossed the threshold of her new home by herself. Mrs. Whittle had been guilty of some exaggeration in stating she had made everything comfortable. The little place was indeed clean enough, and the fire was burning brightly, but she had not attempted to arrange the heterogeneous assemblage of Peter's possessions, which lay for the most part just as they had been dumped down by the carrier. Prue's housewifely instincts immediately asserted themselves, and she was hard at work introducing some measure of order into this chaos when her husband entered.

She smiled half-apologetically as she turned towards him, for he looked so

grave that she began to wonder if she had done well to take so much upon herself at this early stage of possession.

The smile, the wistfulness of the little tired face, the willingness with which she had at once set to work, smote Peter. She had come in whole-hearted devotion to minister to him, to serve him to the very utmost limits of her powers; she had given herself absolutely to him; she was utterly dependent on him; her whole life was his to do what he would with.

A great wave of remorseful tenderness swept over him, and striding quickly across the room he took her in his arms.

"Listen, Prue," he said—in a voice that vibrated with strong feeling—"here on our own hearth let me swear again the vow I made this morning. I will cherish you only; I will cleave to you only till death us do part—in thought and in deed."

Longman's Magazine.

(To be continued.)

CITIZENS OF TO-MORROW.

"How are the citizens of to-morrow? Well or ill?" These are questions that are not asked, even in teachers' examination papers.

They are asked sometimes of parents; and the answer is sometimes glad, sometimes sorrowful. But very often, alas! even the most careful parent might answer truthfully: "I do not know."

There are means, special means, of finding the true answer in school.

For in school a child acts in new ways, is put to new tests, is seen in contrast with his fellows—displays himself, in short, in a new light, so that the truth concerning him may be divined to some extent, even by the un-

trained observer. This new knowledge that is won may be used to safeguard and to help him in various ways. But it happens sometimes that the truth is unwelcome—that it offends or may offend. And then the temptation comes to hide it. That is what happens to-day. The truth about a large and important section of the child population is unpleasant; so it is suppressed. The temptation is to muddle on a little longer in the dark, keeping silence and waiting till the duty of the reformer becomes popular and pleasant.

The citizens of to-morrow are not in a very satisfactory condition to-day. The Report of the Royal Commission, drawn up largely on the evidence of

doctors¹ visiting schools, made this clear. Such men as Dr. Leslie MacKenzie, entering the big halls where the children were going through their drill—making a pretty spectacle, it is true, as they toed the line and made movements that revealed the subtle grace of young creatures—the doctors, looking at all this, saw behind all this. They saw mute suffering behind it, they saw disease; and even swift-coming Death cast its shadows on many of these young performers. And so their Reports made disagreeable reading. They show little appreciation of mere pretty spectacles.

Perhaps we might read them with impatience, but that we are obliged to remember that the most successful teachers—from Aristotle to Dr. Barnardo—were doctors. Some of them were school doctors, such for example as Séguin, Esquirol and Pinel. Such are Schuyter, Axel-Harten, and Kerr to-day.

The work of the school doctor is not that of the ordinary practitioner; otherwise there would be perhaps no reason for the former to come into existence at all. The home doctor usually sees his little patient alone and in bed. The school doctor sees him in class. The home doctor diagnoses disease. The school doctor diagnoses children in good health. The home and hospital doctor has to know something of the mechanisms involved in eating and drinking, in swallowing and digestion; but the school doctor has to acquire a knowledge which is much more recent—which has been won for the most part within the last twenty years. He has to understand the mechanism involved in

learning to read and to write, to sing and to draw, to think and to reason; and, over and above all this, he has to study the problems raised by an entirely new environment—the modern elementary school.

This new work was begun in a haphazard way. As long ago as 1804, there was a doctor taking notes on school children, and publishing them. But the school-doctor, proper, is a very recent person. The first was appointed in London in 1891; the second, Dr. Kerr (now the Medical Superintendent of the L.C.C.) was appointed as Medical Adviser of the Bradford Board in 1893; and, during the following years, he worked out results in detail of the effect of school-work on the eyes of the children in all the standards, in an interesting series of studies which are of permanent interest and value to investigators.

But, all the while, one sad fact was becoming clear and clearer, viz.: that the failure in eye-sight of many children was only a symptom. From the dark tenement rooms of grim streets, from slum and noisome alley, teemed the children of poverty. The mere improvement of school methods or teaching, the mere testing of vision or purchase of spectacles, would not do much to preserve the sight of such of these children as had eye-trouble or other ailments. Of what use to concentrate attention on methods of teaching, since, however harmful bad methods may be, they are nothing in comparison with the havoc wrought by uncleanness, by bad ventilation, and overcrowding? Dr. Kerr has bluntly stated the truth in his last report:

¹ It is certain that no child has benefited more from the labor of the elementary school doctor, than has the child of riches and luxury, educated at home or in seclusion because of his delicacy. Twenty years ago, such children were often educated at great expense, and in great darkness. Thus, for example, a

youth whose case would have been diagnosed successfully to-day almost at a glance, was allowed to pass from one school of standing to another, to undergo treatment, and engage in tasks, for which he was altogether unfitted. The end of all this was tragic.

"The majority of cases of injury to health," he writes, "may be traced originally to a want of cleanliness!"

Long before these words were written, the fact which they express was realized. Measures to promote cleanliness were taken by teachers, and also by Education Authorities, all over the country, with a consciousness on the part of those taking part in these preliminary efforts, of the difficulty and delicacy of the whole task. The effect of the efforts made, however, seemed to prove one thing clearly enough, viz.; *that the instinct of the race is on the side of reform.* Leaflets were printed, setting forth the need for protecting the clean, as well as the duty of saving the neglected children of the community. It was prophesied that these, though carefully worded, would give offence to many; but no murmur of displeasure followed their circulation. Parents who had fought the compulsory vaccination question with bitterness, welcomed this new departure in school work gladly—looking to a campaign for cleanliness and fair living as the real cure for the horrible epidemics of which we all live in dread.

Meantime, a Cleansing Committee was formed by the London Authority. The scope of the work which it has in hand can be imagined, perhaps, when one reads the following details from the Medical Report of 1905.

In one London school, which is, of course, typical of others, the doctors describe 11 per cent. of the children as "dirty and verminous," and 34 per cent. as "dirty in body and clothes"—that is to say, 45 per cent. of all the children are unfit to sit beside others. Eighty-seven per cent. are in an unsatisfactory state. Only 12 per cent. can be described as *clean*—that is to say, clean *above a low average.*

The Education Authority began by assuming that the children have homes; and they engaged nurses to visit, not

only the schools, but these homes of children showing signs of gross neglect. To and fro went the new servants of the Education Authority, bringing counsel and tactful words, bringing help, too, where it was needed; and there is no doubt at all about the value of their work.

It was bold, however, to assume that all the children had homes. Many children live in one-roomed tenements! From these close-packed chambers where they sleep, the mother, as well as the children, departs, in many cases, in the morning. Of 110 boys, all very far below the average in physique, 44 had a mother at home—in the case of the other 66 the mother was dead, or at work all day. The nurse could not often find any one "at home" when she visited their sleeping-places.

Strange enough are the circumstances of these English children. In other communities it is a misfortune for a child to be fatherless. But here the widow's son is to be envied. He has more to eat than the child with two parents, since fathers sometimes eat more than they earn; and even then are obliged to go hungry. And what kind of washing appliances are there in these tenement rooms—where the very walls are infested with vermin, where water is a luxury, and heat is bought by the penny at a gas jet? "There is often no accommodation in the houses," says Dr. Kerr; "and one cannot say this child must be cleansed or turned out of school, as it is not reasonable, with the means at the disposal of most of these people, to expect them to disinfect clothing." Still less is it reasonable to ask them to wash frequently. Cleansing Acts should, we are told, be compulsory, not permissive. This is true, doubtless; but force is no remedy. The submerged may hate water to-day as the famishing loathe food. But it is water, not force, that is wanted.

Meantime Nature sets about the work of cleansing in her own terrible way. Not only does she sweep large numbers out of existence; she sets up conditions of body which are called disease, but which are often mere protests of cleansing agents. Take, for example, the case of adenoids. These are so common among our school children, that you will hardly see any elementary class that does not include four or five sufferers. It is a distressing condition, inducing deafness, nervousness, and—stupidity. But adenoids represent at first, in many cases, though not in all, an effort on the part of Nature to get rid of impurity.

What becomes of the mouth-breather to-day? The nurse who visits the school does not deal with cases of adenoids. She is looking for signs of gross neglect that can be quickly removed by washing, disinfecting, etc. Even the visiting doctor does not take any steps. He cannot operate; and, besides, he is usually there only to take notes on eyes, weight, etc., or to look for signs of outbreak of contagious disease. The teacher may, and sometimes does, note the child's distress, and try to urge the parent to move in the matter. But, as a rule, the ordinary teacher merely wonders a little why the sufferer is still so behindhand in his school-work. And, meanwhile, the child may get better; but the probability is that he grows daily worse. Perhaps, growing *much* worse, he is sent to a hospital. But, even in hospital, the adenoids are neglected. They do not appear to be so serious as the things that follow in their wake. Their treatment, too, (where the condition has been long neglected) is apt to be very tedious indeed. "The importance of

treating children for adenoids," says Dr. Kerr, "may be strangely overlooked. Children suffering in this way are often passed unnoticed *even in the hospitals*; and a child has been seen who had spent nine months of the last three or four years in a general hospital, but has been a mouth-breather probably all the time, and, within the last three months, has lost hearing through double otitis, the sequel of neglected adenoids."

So much for one method Nature outraged employs for cleansing purposes. There are many others which are as little benign—which spell, indeed, not deliverance, but retribution; but it is not necessary to allude to them here.

The drifting downward of the neglected normal child may or may not be sudden and rapid. It is usually in very early life that disease or neglect has the most fatal effect. Thus, for example, forty to fifty per cent. of the blind become blind simply from neglect of sanitary measures *in the first weeks of life*.² Strangely enough, this early period is the one chosen for vaccination. And all kinds of experiments in feeding are made on infants under nine months. The harvest is a sad crop of ruined lives. But the stage of permanent disablement is reached, sometimes quickly, sometimes slowly. When the blow has fallen in full force, and the child is blind, deaf, or defective in intellect, then education, if it is to be really effective, must be highly specialized, and expensive—so expensive that (despite the opening of "special classes") we have not yet fairly made up our minds to undertake the expert teaching of those in whom brain or sense-organ is damaged.

But, happily, in the majority of cases such as "blight" varies with the state of the hair. There is no need to say any more. The very aspect of such children seems to suggest that the noblest sense-organ cannot survive the degradations to which it is subjected in them.

² Not only is blindness caused by neglect. Eye-disease of almost every kind is caused by, or aggravated by dirt. Mr. Bishop Harman has written a book on "The Conjunctive in Health and Disease." In it he shows that the condition of the eyes in cases of eye-disease

the final blow of complete blindness, or more or less complete deafness, or mental defect, does not always fall. There is a large class of children in every city and civilized country who were born normal (some even gifted perhaps), but who have ceased to be normal through sickness coupled with unfavorable conditions of life. For these, life's sky is always becoming overcast. One zymotic disease succeeds another; and, in the pauses of these, they attend school and limp along as best they may, though in the rear of their comrades. A certain number enter the Cripples' School at last; some fall ready victims to consumption. Some are merely dull and backward—doomed as failures. The beginning of all this misery was measles and whooping cough in many cases. The rally from these diseases was never complete. Good conditions, such as sunshine, pure air, frequent washing, and good feeding, would have brought many through their first convalescence in triumph. But these things were not forthcoming; and now behold them fallen behind already in the race of life, a hindrance to their class-mates and a puzzle to the teacher.

The School Authority of Mannheim has opened "Förder-schule" for such children. The Förder-schule are schools which are practically health-centres. They are furnished with cheap baths; provision is made for remedial drill, good feeding, and free play in sunny rooms or out-of-doors. The curriculum lays stress on eye-and-hand training, while the classes are smaller than are those of the ordinary school. As might be expected, a great number of children recover in these new surroundings, and, ceasing to be sub-normal, go back to the ordinary school; whereas from the schools for the defective or feeble-minded, hardly any children pass upward.

The story of how the fatally injured—the blind, the deaf, the defective in

intellect, have become, in a sense, the real saviors of the normal and gifted—of how the study of the unfortunate has been the means of letting in a flood of life on the mental processes of the more favored children—all this makes perhaps the most interesting page in the whole history of Pedagogic Science.

Before touching on it, however, we may cast a brief glance at the work of another nation struggling with the problems of School Hygiene, but struggling with them under conditions that are a great deal more difficult than our own.

Six years ago, New York began to listen to her school-doctors, who were saying, practically, what the British school doctors are saying now; namely, that uncleanness is the bane of the elementary school. But the situation in New York was even more grave than it is here; and, having once fairly realized this, the Education Authority entered the arena boldly, and set about its scavenging work in good earnest. In 1901, the Finance Committee appointed 150 Inspectors to go round schools and take a note of children believed by the teacher to be ill with contagious disease. The schools were connected by telephone with the Central Office of the Department of Health. When the Inspector was in doubt over a case, he sent for a physician; and if the physician reported the child ill, the teacher was warned to exclude, and the Inspector visited the child's home to see that the case was isolated. If, in spite of this, the parents took no care to observe directions, a member of a corps of policemen known as the "Health Squad" arrived, and threatened removal. In the course of nine months, 9,000 children were thus excluded and isolated.

The defect of the system was soon found to be in the fact that it left the

most difficult diagnosis to the teacher. It is not reasonable to expect that even a teacher can specialize in a dozen subjects. In 1905, the number of Inspectors was increased, so as to give one to every 5000 children. Every child is now inspected weekly. Of course inspection does not mean examination; and the Inspector does not touch any child. He stands and lets the children file past him, while they, themselves, pull down their eyelids and open their mouths for his inspection. As the result of this measure, 25,260 cases of contagious eye-disease were excluded in six months, many of them, of course, quite preventable—the result of neglect. In one day 1886 children were sent away for pediculosis; that is to say, for the horrible condition of the hair, skin, and clothes.

Where were these children to go? Many of them had no homes. The Inspector might visit the last place where their parents had alighted; but in New York, as here, there is a point where visitation breaks down entirely. It was now that the Nurses' Settlement came to the help of the Department of Health; and, by its efforts, a cleansing crusade began. In the course of a short time, more than a quarter of a million children had been treated for diseases which disappear with washing!

The battle with death is waged; not at one point, but at many. Teachers, policemen, inspectors, nurses, physicians, bacteriologists,² all bear a hand. The enemy is even stronger than that which we have to face in London. Thus trachoma (a disease of the eyelids) is rare in London. It is common

² It appears that children may suffer from very slight attacks of diphtheria that do not prevent them from attending school. Indeed, such things as chronic diphtheria and chronic scarlet fever are possible. The chronic cases, and slight cases, are of course the most fatal carriers; so that it is better, as well as cheaper, to have means for bacteriological examination than to open many isolated hospitals. The L.C.C. opened one small bacteriological labo-

in New York. Favus is almost unknown in the provinces in England; and there are only about 120 known cases in London. No less than 10,438 children were treated for favus between 1902-4 in New York. Into New York—the great vestibule of the West—a stream of aliens is pouring, bringing with it the diseases, as well as the sorrows, of many nations. At the door of the New World, the school's emissaries meet the foreign child, and battle at once with his foreign disease. They give him the key to the new language, absorb him into the new citizenship with all its disciplines and all its rights, and send the bright-glancing waters of its new Republican life rolling over all the wrongs, the heart-burnings, the diseases, and the pollution of the past.

All elementary education is physical education. For what part of education is not physical? And what part of elementary education does not bring the physical side openly into view? The use of the muscles is as much a factor in the learning to read and to reason, as in the learning to walk or to lift weights. To be sure, the rapid development of the healthy child seems to hide this from observation, as the day hides the stars. It is only when great obstruction exists in the growing body that the *physical* side of thought comes clearly into evidence. The afflicted and defective child has done an immense service to the race, in making clear the fact that there is an order even of limb movement that leads towards right thinking, and that, not in one lesson, but in all lessons, move-

ratory in 1903. The School Inspectors of New York have splendid laboratories at their service. On one day, Jan. 10, 1903, when there was a sudden outbreak of sore-throat, 10,000 swabblings were taken and sent to the laboratory: 757 carrier cases were discovered out of these, and the disease checked. Such prompt action against a deadly foe could not be taken in any borough in England.

ment, hidden or external, free or controlled, of the muscular system, plays an important part.

This wider view, then, of the real meaning of physical education, in virtue of which we are no longer bound to think of it as a system of formal exercise, or a mere scheme of drill, is the gift, to a large extent, of the afflicted and the defective.⁴

For example. Into Dr. Séguin's school, forty years ago, was brought a boy of nine—a boy with stiff, cold hands, with fixed eyes, open mouth, and hanging jaw. His arms hung powerless, as if no life surged in them, and the brain had no power over them. Patiently the new teacher began to move that dead arm, first from the shoulder, then from the elbow. He invented forty new exercises for the hand; and, as life and intelligence began to glimmer at last in this imbecile boy's eyes, the order or sequence in which the brain gains control of the fore-limbs was demonstrated. The whole meaning of hand-training became plain. The rôle of hand-work in mental life was made clear, and the true method of teaching all manual subjects, such as writing, etc., set in the light for ever.

In Darenth and other places now one may see pupils who take their first step upward by putting square pegs into square holes and taking them out again. They learn by doing like older children. Alas! How little they can do. But they can help us. It happens, sometimes, that a child finds his way into such schools, who can do a good many things, and who can even do some things a great deal better than most people. Such a child was admitted into a "special class" one day in 1896. He was about ten years

⁴There is a sense in which every one is defective. The doctors who make these very investigations become conscious of their own limitations, and even their own defects. "My visual memory must be poor," writes one

old, fairly well-grown. His intelligent blue eyes seemed to be always looking for some stranger—some deliverer. The boy was dumb. He had never spoken; his hearing was good, however, and all his vocal organs were perfect. At the age of five, he was sent to a school for the deaf; but, after some years, he was sent away, the teacher declaring that his hearing was excellent, but that, seeing that he could not utter one word, he was probably imbecile (dumb people being, as is well known, dumb only, in most cases, because they are deaf).

The boy then, believed imbecile, found himself now in a class for the feeble-minded. He soon became a source of great joy and profit to his poor comrades; for he had just the kind of gifts that appealed to them and stimulated their languid attention and interest. Armed with a piece of chalk, he would stand before the black board, and draw donkeys with panniers, horsemen riding upon horses, dogs begging for crusts, and cats with handsome tails chasing mice in a barn. He used to have a little army of amazed spectators round him as he worked, including, perhaps, sometimes, one of His Majesty's Inspectors.

But who was the deliverer for whom this child was waiting? Not the Inspector. Not Fröbel or Herbart, if they could have risen from the dead, would have delivered *him*. Not the Senior Wrangler of last year, if he had become a teacher, would have opened for him the door of life and language. It was the school doctor who diagnosed the condition of this child, and who, having explained that, from his brain, the storage place for word-sound memories was absent, showed that speech-training must be carried on *via* the thoughtfully. "It is probable that such and such a storage place or memory centre does not exist in my brain," says another. Every one recalls, too, very gifted persons, who in some respects were very defective.

muscular sense. This was done at last. The child took to the new method joyfully, and learned in a day or two to say such explosive words as "pen," "penny." He got on fast. His father, who is a cabinet-maker, says he will make a capital workman. When a question is asked him, he repeats it noiselessly with his lips before he can understand it; but he has made good progress, and speaks, and sings, though with expressionless tones, like a phonograph.

To take a very different case. A boy of twelve in an elementary school got on well in every lesson except dictation and reading. But he could not spell any word aright, or read the simplest kind of writing. He could do sums very well, and was, in some ways, the best scholar in his class. What had gone wrong with him; and why did he spell the word "girl" as "wire"? In infancy he had had a long illness; and the disease had cut through the brain-path by which written word-images are carried to their own storage place. And so, although he saw, he could never remember the word-images he had seen. Some years ago, he would have been very severely treated; but now he is spared the struggle that would always end in failure. The geography of the brain is better understood; and the explorers and discoverers of this strange territory are, for the most part, school-doctors.⁵

It is not only the word-blind, or the word-deaf, who are being delivered. The ordinary bad speller, or bad writer, is now known to be a victim. He makes foolish mistakes in spelling, not always from sheer moral defect, but through physical defect. It would be

⁵ It is certain that some parts of the body, and therefore some orders of memory, are much more ancient than others. They represent the deeper roots of the Tree of Life. They can bear strain better than more lately-evolved structures and functions. The muscular memory is of these. That is how strain can easily be taken off the eyes in early

as cruel to punish him for this as it would be to cane a boy for not being able to lift a weight. A new spirit of tolerance comes into the modern classroom. It is born of sorrow and failure—of the snapping of cords in the harp of life—of a breaking asunder that lays bare the secrets of nervous mechanism. And it enters noiselessly into even advanced class-rooms, and throws its light athwart the unexpected weaknesses of even the well-endowed.

It is disease, however, that thus strikes one note or another mute; so that the whole mode of playing the nerve-instrument must be changed. Disease, in the majority of cases, is the effect of uncleanness. But not of course always the result of the uncleanness or carelessness of the victim or his parent. No one is safe from contagious disease. The innocent suffer with the guilty, the clean with the unclean. People realize this is the case, for example, with such a horrible disease as small-pox; and a great many are willing to undergo much suffering, and pay a great deal of money, in order to buy a little security. Mr. Burns stated recently in the House of Commons, that £270,000 per annum are now paid for carrying out the law regarding vaccination.

All this money is spent on carrying out a measure that is not constructive. And this measure is made practically compulsory. Yet it is defied—successfully—time and again.

As a matter of fact, the spirit of the Anglo-Saxon is opposed to compulsion of every kind, more especially in personal matters. No one ever successfully forced an English tramp to be clean. He will do as he wills—at the life. The stability of the large muscles is invoked by school-doctors in teaching young children to read and write by arm movements and hand movements, made sometimes with the eyes shut. Before children get copy books, they should be able to write letters with closed eyes.

first opportunity. But, on the other hand, the genius of personal hygiene is assuredly sleeping in the breasts of even the great unwashed of England. They are not opposed to constructive reforms, but only to repressive measures. Wherever a school bath has been opened in England, the children have taken to the water with an enthusiasm that has amazed the beholder. Not only do they love water, they love cleanliness. They are interested in the work of cleansing, as the children of some nations are interested in dancing and carving and jewel making. Yes, such are the children of Carlyle's "fuliginous operatives." Why should we not then take the hint thus offered, and make the bath room a real class room? Here the care of the body might be taught in detail. A specially equipped teacher, a Fröbelian of the new order, would here allow the little ones to become used to that gentle element which Francis d'Assisi called "our sister the water." At first there should be no formal teaching, only a learning by doing; then, taking advantage of the natural impulse of her pupils, the teacher might lead them on to the conscious care of the skin, the hair, the nails, and the teeth.⁶ Later still, she might lead them to feel the relationship between washing, or cleanliness, and the finer evolution of the lower senses—a subject on which, alas, educationalists have as yet remained, practically, mute.⁷ The development of the new subject would take place as does that of any other subject, viz., through a new and joyful experience, and the opening up by its impulse of a new pathway of consciousness and appreciation.

⁶The need for systematic training in the case of teeth is shown by the following statement from Dr. Kerr's Report of 1906: "In the case of boys, a very serious state of things was shown, 90 per cent. of the boys having caries, and 70 per cent. to a serious extent."

⁷Of the lower senses we shall only say here,

But the expense! What will it cost? It appears that washing baths for school children may be of a very simple character. In some cities, whose revenues are far from large, cheap baths of galvanized iron are provided, and a rose, with a warmed shower overhead, worked by a chain. Each child has, in this way, his own bath; and expense is saved in heating and cost of water. One cannot think that such appliances as these would be beyond the means of a nation which spends over a quarter of a million yearly in carrying out a single measure for the prevention of one single epidemic.

Alas! The one danger to be feared is, that the nation will consent to everything except the simple and essential thing. It is pretty certain that *some* form and degree of medical inspection is coming; but, without real physical education, medical inspection is of little use. The conquest of health is a daily battle; and has to begin anew every morning. But if there is no daily battle, if the curved spine is allowed to remain crooked, if the breathing-power is never helped by exercises, if, in short, nothing is done to improve health, of what use is it to "inspect" schools medically? As well say that no teacher should give lessons in reading, that "inspection" of reading or other arts that are never learned is enough, as say that medical inspection without physical education is the one-thing needful. The whole value of medical inspection depends on there being some one in the school who will carry out the suggestions of the Medical Superintendent in the scheme of school-work.

But, when this is granted, there is

that their degradation has probably far more to do with the lowering of mental and moral life, than has impaired hearing or vision. Luys writes that, in the case of one patient, every vestige of morality vanished with the blunting of the sense of touch all over the body.

no limit to the progress which may be made under medical guidance in the science and art of education. There is literally no limit to the progress and illumination which may follow the free development of human capacity in the elementary schools of the land. Every step only assures us that hidden wealth is lying, lost in the recesses of the organisms of the children of the gloomy street, the sunless home. Everything points to the opening up in the schools of to-morrow, of a new and fascinating highway of research and revelation.

Meantime, it was surely regrettable that the Education Bill now before the country did not (as Mr. Birrell himself admits) include any direct reference to the question here under discussion. It is, however, satisfactory that, before the final reading of the new Bill, means have been found to insert a clause making some degree of medical inspection, coupled with some attempt at physical education, possible in all schools. When from every part of the country Medical Reports of some kind begin to pour in at the Head

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Office of the Board of Education, when physical education is provided in the schools, so that the writers of these Reports may be genuine inspectors of educational methods, and not mere statisticians or recorders of disease—then the need for the reference of the new order of Reports to expert consideration will be felt at headquarters. And when this happens, the golden age of childhood will be drawing nigh. The whole system of national education will be shifted on to the shining rails of physiological principle, instead of rushing amuck in the ploughed land of speculative and metaphysical theory. Delivered at last from the mere fadist, and from that equally dangerous person, the practical man who despises knowledge, the education of the citizens of many to-morrows may be carried on safely; even the most enlightened advisers, the Fröbelians, the Herbartists, the advance-guard of teachers and writers, being called upon to test their methods in the radiant light of the forward-swinging torch of medical science.

Margaret McMillan.

THE SHADOW OF GOOD FORTUNE.

I.

The woman sat by the bed, a figure of beautiful despair, with her long black hair streaming over her shoulders, and her head bent. Her hand held the burning fingers of little Sava, as he tossed about in uneasy sleep, broken by cries of pain, or terror; the shrill, complaining voice went to her heart. She did not understand all he said, and her very failure to comprehend those half-delirious words hurt her as nothing else in her short, hard life had done. It seemed to her that the one thing which fate had left her was escaping from her grasp into a land into which she could not follow

it. Again and again came the cry she could not understand—the start of terror which puzzled her.

"Oh, mother, make them give it back—they have stolen it—they have put it in the ground! Oh, mother, I want it so—make them give it back to me! The boys laugh at me—do not let them laugh any more. I want it back—I want it back!"

"Sava, my darling, what have they stolen—what is it that you want?" But he did not seem to hear her voice, or to understand what she said. Still the little figure tossed to-and-fro under the shabby carpet coverlet which she

vainly tried to keep over it; still the fretful cry rang in her ears. Since sunrise she had sat there by the bed, motionless, terror-stricken; it was sunset when the door opened, and Madame Nikolich thrust her grizzled black head into the darkening room.

"The boy is sick, Miliitsa—eh?"

She looked up, with a gesture almost of relief, though Madame Nikolich was no friend of hers, but merely a very worldly landlady with a very sharp eye fixed upon the not always rosy possibilities of rent.

"Oh, he is very sick—I do not know what to do for him!"

Madame Nikolich came forward and stood at the foot of the bed, looking down not unkindly on the small, restless figure.

"Yes, he is certainly very sick. I will tell you what is the matter with him, Miliitsa. My Mika has just been talking about it. He says the workmen at the big house round the corner caught Sava two days ago and made him stand in the sunshine while they built his shadow into the foundations—you know, it brings a house good-fortune when a living shadow is caught and built into it. But the person who has lost the shadow very often dies—so many people have told me that." Miliitsa shrank nearer to the bed. Sava lifted his ruffled curls from the pillow, and raised once more that beseeching cry.

"They have stolen it and put it in the ground. Oh, give it back to me—give it back!"

Miliitsa shivered; Anna Nikolich nodded in dismal triumph.

"There—do you hear what he says? That is what I told you—they have stolen his shadow, and put it into Bora Jovanovich's fine new house. It will bring Bora Jovanovich good fortune, no doubt, but I think you will lose the child."

Miliitsa turned upon the other woman

like a tempest, with a swift, passionate, protective movement towards Sava.

"No—no—not that!" she said. "He is all I have—there is nothing else in the world for me. I will not lose him—I cannot."

Anna Nikolich turned towards the door. When she reached it, she paused for a moment, and looked back.

"I will send Mika up with some supper for you," she said; "and—and the rent may stand over for this week."

Miliitsa sank down beside the bed without a word of gratitude. The other's kindness struck her like a curse—if Anna Nikolich could be generous, Sava must indeed be far gone.

The darkness came down upon the miserable little room; Mika, shy and solemn-eyed, brought the supper Miliitsa could not eat, and went away again. Still she crouched by the bed; still the child's restless cry went on.

"Oh, give it back—make them give it back to me!"

She rose suddenly, and bent over the child for a moment.

"Sava, you shall have it back if you will lie quite still until—until I bring it to you. Do you hear me—do you understand? You shall have it if you will lie still, and go to sleep."

For the first time that day her voice seemed to reach him. His great black eyes rested with a look of comprehension on her face as she bent, lamp in hand, over the bed.

"You will bring it back?" he murmured sleepily, and sank back almost contentedly upon the pillow.

As she stole down the narrow stairs, for the first time that day the restless cry was still.

II.

Bora Jovanovich sat in his office—the finest office in Palatz, for he was the richest man in the town. He was thinking a little of his wealth, and his success, as he sat there in the morning

sunshine with his pen tracing idle patterns on the blotting-pad before him. He thought of the poor mountain village where he was born, and which he had left seven years ago to come down to Palatz and find favor in the eyes of the greatest merchant in the place, and marry his only daughter, and succeed, in due course, to all his riches. Jovanovich sighed as he thought, so perhaps he did not find the contemplation of his success altogether satisfactory. It was spring, and the soft air blowing through the open window seemed to blow from the blue hills of his home. He remembered the sighing pines, and the cool white foam of the waterfall by which he had walked with the popadie's (priest's wife) pretty niece in those far off days. His wife had brought him riches and success, but he had loved one curl on the black head of the popadie's niece better than he had loved the whole body of the rich merchant's daughter. Now that his wife was dead he was a lonely man in the house where his father-in-law had lived. Perhaps it was for this reason that he had set himself to build a new and more splendid house, which should be all his own, and hold no memory of the woman who had bought him—perhaps it pleased him this morning to remember that at the corner of the market-place the walls of his new home were already rising fast. There was a tap at the door, and Bora Jovanovich roused himself abruptly from the dream into which he had fallen. A workman in a greasy blouse answered his invitation to enter, and then stood tongue-tied in the door-way regarding the great man of Palatz with a frightened eye.

"The house—" he stammered at last.

Bora Jovanovich laid down his pen. "What has happened to it?" "It's no fault of ours," the man said sullenly. "Yesterday it was the same

—half our day's work undone. And to-day the wall is down again. We do not understand it."

"Who pulls the wall down?"

"How should we know?" The man's tone was half fierce, half frightened. "Some one comes—at night—and pulls down half of what we do by day."

Bora Jovanovich sat silent, looking at the workman at the door; and the same thought was in the minds of both. No one in Palatz—that is to say, no one merely human—would care to interfere with the rich man's house.

"You had better keep watch," Jovanovich said.

The man shifted his weight from one foot to the other. The prospect of keeping watch did not seem to appeal to him.

"You need not trouble," Bora Jovanovich said, with a touch of scorn. He was clever enough to know that it is best not to give orders when you are certain they will not be obeyed.

But that night, when the house was asleep, he muffled himself in a cloak and slipped out and made his way to the market-place. It was a dark night, for heavy clouds came and went before a pale moon. Palatz was asleep; and Bora Jovanovich groped his way down into the foundations of his new house and sat there waiting, wrapped to the ears in his cloak.

He waited a long time and at last fell asleep and dreamed that he was roaming the forests of his home, with the popadie's pretty niece beside him; but she wept all the time, and the great tears ran down her face and fell on the pine-needles, and he tried in vain to comfort her.

He woke with a start, shivering. The dew was cold on his hands. He thought of the tears of the popadie's niece. He heard her crying still—or no, the crying was no dream. In the darkness he heard a voice which murmured "Sava! Oh, Sava, stay with

me!" He heard the sobbing of a woman, and it seemed to him that he knew the sound.

The moon came from behind a cloud and flung a doubtful light around. Close to him a woman knelt, trying to pull down the wall with torn and bleeding fingers. Her black hair fell curling on her shoulders as once, long ago, the hair of the popadie's niece had curled in the little mountain village where he was born.

Bora Jovanovich went and stood beside the kneeling figure. It looked up at him. In the moonlight he saw the great tears rolling down its face.

"Militsa!"

She did not pause from her labor, but tore still at the resisting bricks. He saw the blood running down her fingers as the tears ran down her face. Her voice rose to a piteous cry.

"Oh, Bora, save him—save Sava! They have built his shadow into the walls, and unless I give it back to him he will die. And, since you went away, I have nothing else. Save Sava—help me to save Sava!"

Bora Jovanovich looked at her. It was not the cold night air which made him tremble.

"Who is Sava?"

Her black head was bent over the torn fingers which clutched still at the wall. Her voice died to a sob.

"Sava is—all you left me when you went away. Save him—help me to find his shadow in the wall."

Bora Jovanovich said nothing. In

Temple Bar.

silence he knelt down by her side and began, with shaking fingers, to tear down the walls of the new house in which there were to be no memories and no regrets.

III.

In the fine new house at the corner of the market-place, which is not so very new now, Bora Jovanovich, the richest man in Palatz, lives with his wife, who was once the popadie's niece. Every one envies them their prosperity; some, it may be, envy them the children who run in and out, laughing, and shaking their black curls in the sun. Nothing but happiness has come to them in the new house. "As lucky as Bora Jovanovich's new house" has become a proverb in Palatz. But it is a proverb which is never quoted in his presence, for Palatz has learned that he does not like it.

For sometimes at night, when the black-haired children are still, Bora Jovanovich and his wife remember another child who does not run in and out with the others. They remember a little shadow which was built into the foundations of their house and upon which their happiness has risen, like a house which human hands did not build. It lies buried still—perhaps in their hearts, perhaps in the walls of the new house on the market-place—the shadow of a living soul, which they remember as the Shadow of Good Fortune.

Nellie K. Blissett.

THE MIND OF A DOG.

I am often asked if my dog is intelligent and good, and I cannot say yes without qualification. Again I am often told, or I find it assumed, that he is intelligent and good, and I will not say no without qualification. It is

the kind and limits of intelligence and virtue that matter. The case is the same as with literary style. The style that suits an essay is not good for a novel. The style that suits a book is not good for conversation; and Sir Wal-

ter, who understood dogs, knew that his own big wow-wow style, as he calls it, was not adapted to the delicate homeliness of the subjects which were chosen by Miss Austen. My dog is intelligent and good, as becomes a dog, more so than some dogs, and less so than others; but his mind is a dog's and not a man's, and it is better to be a whole dog than half a man. He is of about the same age as the infant child of a friend, and I have compared their growth. When they were both about eighteen months old the dog could do much more than the boy, but when I renewed my comparison at the age of five the dog had remained a child but the child had ceased to be a dog.

At the same time, while to me it is his differences from human beings that are most interesting, there is much to be learned from the likeness, and more particularly from the likeness to children. There is much truth in a rhyme which I remember from my childhood. You were asked what little boys were made of, and the answer was—rats, and snails, and puppy-dogs' tails. Of rats I shall have something to say later. As regards snails, I have no evidence that concerns their affinity to children, except that children are said like those animals to creep unwillingly to school. But undoubtedly the puppy-dog (for I assume that the poet when he spoke of the part intended the whole animal, by the figure of speech known as metonymy) enters into their composition. Though my dog has not the makings of my human friends I can trace him in them, and the description of his mind and of his education may throw some light on the growth of theirs.

The intellectual education of my dog, I may say at once, has been almost entirely technical. Literary training I have found to be possible only in a very restricted form, although it is extremely

significant. For the rest, he has been schooled in certain practical occupations, and has acquired a certain amount of what, on the analogy of manual training, I may call "buccal dexterity." If he could have used his paws in the way he has learnt to use his mouth he would have had hands, have watched them, and become reflective and human, and would perhaps have adopted permanently the upright attitude which he now adopts upon occasion. Neither in his linguistic nor in his technical education can I trace the growth of character which underlies such education amongst children and makes it liberal. Though in the course of these exercises he has acquired moral qualities, he has not acquired them through the exercises themselves, and accordingly his moral education may be considered apart from his intellectual education.

His education has been limited by the deficiency which makes the difference between him and a child. I may as well state at the beginning the general character of his mind. He has learned the golden virtue of self-control, or, in another form, obedience. But his actions are based on habit, and on a certain considerable inventiveness determined by desire. They are a kind of outgrowth of instinct, as, indeed, all well-based action must be, and it is of great interest to me to observe in his different actions just where they fall short of real instincts because they are artificial, and where they fall short of human action because they are essentially instinctive. Roughly speaking, what distinguishes him from children is that though he learns to do things he does not learn their meaning. He can take means to ends, but he does not know why he must take them. He does not analyze situations but takes them in as a whole. He knows the hang of things but does not know why they hang together. The young Clerk

Maxwell used to ask of any toy or machine or other object which interested him, "What is the go of it?" Now my dog learns how certain things go, but he does not learn the go of them, and, therefore, though he has inventiveness he has never become an inventor. He may be, though I doubt it, a Clerk Maxwell amongst dogs, but he is certainly a dog amongst Clerk Maxwells. His virtues, even his obedience, are limited by the same defect. He has not learned the reason of them, and so he is never safe against the temptations which he has not forgotten.

His use of language is limited, but it is most instructive. He has acquired a reasonable vocabulary of some dozen or more words and phrases—bone, cat, boots, slipper, stick, dinner, postman, brush (his own brush), come out, bed, paw, good dog, and bad dog. They are signals to actions, and are unaffected by qualifications. "Bone" and "no bone" mean the same thing to him when the word bone is pronounced with identical intonation. When some one has said "eat" in his hearing he is not reassured by being told that there is no eat until he has been to see for himself. Each word pulls a trigger in him and discharges an action. He has not arrived at the stage of considering the word and its meaning for its own sake. His condition of mind is much like that of an admiral who should fire when he hears the word torpedo-boat. To speak strictly, his words are not language at all, though they serve the same purpose. In some cases it is not the word he acts upon but a corresponding intonation or gesture. Thus, unlike a much-regretted dog of a friend of mine, I have never been able to teach him to discriminate the gift of a biscuit from a Manchester man as distinct from a man of some other city. I have to alter the tone of my voice when I name Manchester. Similarly, if he is to take the biscuit when I count

three, he watches for the change of tone, and if three is said in the same toné as one and two he will not act. But I am more concerned to describe the different effects of different words. Some of them, like bone or eat, or good or bad, produce an emotion, an attitude of excitement, and to some he responds by a vocal difference—the cat-emotion produces a whining bark, the bone-emotion a bark of joyful excitement, to "postman" he responds by the mixture of ferocity and kindly welcome with which he usually greets a stranger. Such actions are closely allied to instincts, because of the excitement of desire from which they proceed. Other words excite actions by the simple process of the association of the word with the action, and betray little emotional excitement. Now, when the word fails to excite an emotion the act is likely to become hesitating. He sometimes forgets what the word means, or, in stricter language, he has lost his signal code. He often, therefore, gives the impression of stupidity when, in reality, he is perhaps languid or disinclined, or has simply forgotten. Under these circumstances frequent repetition of the word may be necessary before the impression becomes vivid enough to discharge the action. When I tell him to bring my boots he may go to the door and then look round with inquiring eyes until the word has been repeated several times impressively, when he goes off with a look of satisfaction. A person unused to my dog might suppose he had failed to understand the order and was waiting until he understood. The truth is merely that the trigger that day has got a harder pull. On the other hand, when he is in good spirits and ready to play, the order "boots" will send him off at once with quick elated step and wagging tail.

The meanings of words are one sort of habit and are acquired as those hab-

its are acquired—by association. Of his other habits I give as an example his training to domestic service. He had been taught as a young puppy to fetch and carry sticks and balls. Much patience on my part, helped by moral persuasion, evoked in him a secondary instinct, a liking for carrying things in his mouth which, in later life, has become an absorbing passion. He learned to bring things, like boots, from the ground floor to my study. My house-keeper gave him the articles, and on her giving a signal to me I called him. In a few repetitions he learned to bring me not only my boots, but cards telling me that my meals were ready, and sometimes, though not so easily, he would take cards from me asking for coals or tea. In the early stages of this process he had been sent down with a card, but on the way, hearing the postman's knock, he dropped the card and rushed for the letter and brought it back to me. He soon learned when he was in my company, and was ordered by words to that effect, to go downstairs and find the boots and bring them up to me when they are ready, or bark for them if they are not; and when I tell him to see if dinner is ready he will generally go down, especially if he is hungry himself, and bring up the card. It is not the usefulness of these actions or their endearing character for the sake of which I describe them, but rather the fluctuations to which, like his intelligence of words, they are subject. In themselves they are mere associations (to use a loose term) in virtue of which the object suggests the action required. As such they are repeated with automatic monotony even when the circumstances are unsuitable. When I am in the house anything which the dog is given or seizes he is apt to bring up to me, and he is not so easily persuaded to take things from me and give them to another person.

I frequently take him with me to College, when I am usually provided with a bag and sometimes ride on my bicycle. He does not like being taken to College because he is left alone, and the sight of the bag and the bicycle is often enough to drive him to bed. When I was in Wensleydale, in Yorkshire, amid surroundings as unlike those of Manchester as possible, and had occasion to carry some books in my bag to a friend three or four miles away, my dog, who was accustomed to do this journey with me almost every day, as soon as he saw the bag declined to go. Moreover, not only are his actions repeated monotonously even on unsuitable occasions, but they are repeated in an identical form. Like a child when a story is told with some variation, my dog is disconcerted if he does not find the boots in much the same place as usual, and sometimes not searching for them comes back unhappy. On the other hand, again like a child in its use of language, he will extend actions which he has learnt in one connection to circumstances which are similar. He first practised begging for food, but he soon began to beg for anything that he wanted and that he could take into his mouth. When I am throwing a stick for him in a field and give up the game from fatigue, he will sit up in the field and beg for the stick to be thrown. As I have already explained in respect of words, these habitual actions have something of the nature of artificial instincts, and share with instincts their mechanical character; but they are, in some respects, less than instincts, for an instinct depends upon some inherited preformation which is accompanied by desire, and because of this, as we shall presently see, the instinct may become inventive. Hence it is that these mere habits, unless they light up a passion in my dog's mind, are liable to failure. When he is in poor spirits he will not,

as the children say, play, and he is subject to intervals of what looks like stupidity, which, like children to the discomfiture of their parents, he will take occasion to display to my discomfiture in the presence of visitors. It is only in the case of actions like fetching sticks or playing cricket with a slipper, where he has an acquired passion, that he can always be counted on for response. With him, as perhaps with children, the things to be learnt have to proceed from their liking, or else fresh likings have to be created.

His acquired dexterities are the best illustration of the inventiveness of instinct, while at the same time they indicate where inventive instinct falls short of rational action. He is skilful in getting a walking-stick through a narrow opening in a wall, or a railing. An observer, seeing him push the stick along with his teeth till he gets it at the crook and then draw it through the hedge, might attribute the act to reflection, and say, what an observer of Principal Lloyd Morgan's dog said on a similar occasion, "Clever dog that, sir, he knows where the hitch do lie." Now this is precisely what my dog (and Mr. Lloyd Morgan's dog also) does not know. When he feels the hitch he knows how to get rid of it, but he does not understand it. I put him, in imitation of Mr. Morgan's experiment, behind some railings. The dog ran at them holding the stick by the middle, and did this more than once. Then, in the excitement of his desire to get through and join me he began to seize the stick at random, and seizing it near the crook he was able to bring it through. When I repeated the experiment he was clever enough to seize the stick, after a very few trials, at the right place, and I imagine that it is the rate at which the lesson is learned that makes the difference between one dog and another. Even now, when he has become expert, he first runs at the nar-

row opening holding the stick by the middle, and then when he has failed, he skilfully, and without further waiting, shifts his teeth to the right place. He learnt thus how to do the action by trying repeatedly at random and failing, until success crowned his desire, and he remembered the method of success. Compare his action with the same action as done rationally by a man. In a strict sense the dog does not know how to do the action because he has not analyzed it into its means. His means are not deliberate means taken to secure an end, but they are a lucky device struck out by the urgency of desire. He has learned how it goes, but not the go of it.

My dog confirms many experiments that have recently been made. Mr. Thorndike put famishing cats into crates in which a door could be opened by sundry means, uplifting a latch, pulling a bolt, pressing a lever, singly or in combination. Outside the crate was a tempting piece of fish. The cat, in its hunger, scratched and tore at the door, and in this process it touched the latch or pulled the bolt and the door opened. This process took a long time. When the experiment was repeated the successful movement had been imprinted on the cat's mind, and the time it took to perform the action had been reduced considerably, say from three minutes to thirty seconds. Rats (I promised to mention them) exhibited to another American observer, Mr. Small, the same results. A hole was made in the wooden floor of a cage with wire walls, and a piece of cheese put by the hole. The cage was set on a mound of sawdust. The rat, in its desire to get to the cheese, burrowed through the sawdust, and after much vain effort reached the cheese. The next time it went more directly to the hole, and the time was reduced from one hour and thirty minutes to a few minutes.

Like these rats and cats my dog invents to satisfy his instinct, but like them he does not apparently stop to form to himself an idea as to how he is to achieve his end, and so he stops short even of a child's invention. Watch a baby trying to grasp. At first it behaves like my dog. It tries to grasp and misses its foot or the glittering toy. Then, under the urgency of desire, it tries again. If the glittering toy is not the moon, it succeeds, and so far it is like my dog. But later it can go farther, for it may begin to compare its successful efforts with the desired result, not merely feel like my dog its failure; and it may also imitate its elders. After a certain age it begins to compare its drawing with the model. I say after a certain age, because at first it draws without attention to the model, puts two eyes in a profile not because it sees them in the model, for it does not look, but because it knows that a face has two eyes. But when this age is past the child notes the departure of its drawing from the original and seeks to remedy the error; or observing the actions of its elders watches the movement and tries to imitate the several parts of their movement. It has begun to learn not merely how things go, but the go of them. We begin with the method of my dog, but we go farther. Sometimes, indeed, we return to it: an unskilled dancer may watch the movements of a new step, and for all his rationality may be unable to repeat them, and perhaps only succeeds when a self-sacrificing partner has carried him through the steps.

My dog's actions, when they proceed from passion like his love for my stick, are plastic and inventive, and varied to suit circumstances, but they do not proceed from reflective ideas. They are intelligent, to use one of Mr. Morgan's words, but not rational. Give him reflection and he would cease to

be my dog. But also let a child have no basis of motive or liking on which to work: how much will his reflection do for him?

I am far from saying that my dog has no ideas and does not act upon them. On the contrary, I easily observe in him both memory and imagination. I do not indeed know that he sees pictures when he dreams. I do not happen to have found him growling at his visions, but he can certainly retain ideas in his mind. His brush is kept in a corner of my study, and when he is there he will get it when ordered. But sometimes he will fetch it from the ground floor. He has not been taught to do this, and it always takes a little time to impress the order upon his mind; but he will at times do it, and this suggests that he must keep the idea of the brush vividly before his mind. But I question whether his idea serves any purpose except to keep alive in his mind the signal which is given him. Again, he exhibits spontaneity of action. He brings the slipper to be played cricket with, and his chief demonstration of good will to a visitor is to bring him the slipper and deposit it on his knees and ask for it to be thrown. The game goes in his mind with the joyful excitement, and it is difficult to say how far he forms a regular idea of bringing the slipper. Other cases, however, are clearer in which he appears to be visited by happy thoughts. For a long time he had not seen my former housekeeper, to whom he is much attached. As I shall more than once refer to her I shall speak of her by name, but, with the respect due from a biographer towards a living person, by a fictitious name. When she came to live five minutes away from my house he was taken several times to see her. Not long after, the happy thought occurred to him after breakfast to pay her a visit; and though it may merely have

been induced by a vague feeling of discomfort, of wanting something, and even of wanting Jane (he may have felt the Jane-emotion), or possibly the road before him happened to suggest to him the road he had been taken, still, he may have remembered her, and that image may have acted as a signal to him to take the road. Like his other thoughts it tended to become automatic. The happy thought was repeated for a week, and he left my house after breakfast and returned in the evening, an action of much psychological significance, to dine and sleep.

But such passing images which take the place of sensory excitements are a long way from reflection upon means to ends. Experiments by Mr. Thorndike, which are not indeed entirely above criticism, have tended to show that hungry cats, when they see other cats in front of them get out of the cages which I have described, do not do the same actions any the better for the example. On the other hand, a number of ingenious experiments were made by Mr. L. T. Hobhouse which he thought proved that even dogs and cats could act upon a kind of forethought of means to ends when the way was shown them. My own observation of my dog was not favorable to this interpretation. Imitating one of Mr. Hobhouse's experiments I chained my dog to a table and, placing a biscuit before him on the floor in the crook of a stick, showed him how by pulling the stick in he could get the biscuit. The dog pulled the stick. The floor, however, was uneven, and turned the stick over so that the crook ceased to hold the biscuit, but the dog went on pulling at the stick. I do not, however, think this single experiment at all decisive. But one incident occurred which left upon me a lively impression of how a dog may possibly make a discovery in a way which seems to imply thought, but does not. My house

stands in a row, and there are green plots in front with a low wall to the street and a rail above it. Coming home one day I shut the gate, and the dog, who was then a puppy, could not jump the rail. He tried at the rail several times, and then, backing a little on the pavement, looked up and down the street as if he were thinking how to get in. Then he was aware of a gate open at the end of the row, and with a sudden look of intelligence ran to it and reached his home. Such action was a little farther advanced than mere scrabbling with a stick to get it through a hedge, but it was less than thinking. He was filled with desire, and he saw how he could accomplish it. The road through the gate was not a means by which he recognized that he could secure his end, but it was part of the total situation. This is what I meant when I said that he could take in a whole but could not analyze. His action was little more than noticing that one particular gate would admit him. And I think it possible that in Mr. Hobhouse's experiments the explanation may be something of the same kind, if indeed this is not the meaning of the author himself.

Other actions which would seem to imply a train of reflection are capable of simple explanation. My dog, as I have said, dislikes going to the College because he is left alone there, and though he is not tied up he feels tied up. He particularly objects to following me there on a bicycle. This dislike has grown upon him with years, and on several occasions lately he has lingered behind and given me the slip, as if deliberately. But the fact is, he was unwilling and lagged behind. Now he has not very long sight, and when he missed me he may have gone home in the ordinary course, or, not noticing me, he may have yielded to the idea of going home, which had been suggested by his unwillingness to come

with me. He may, as we inaccurately say, have thought it a good opportunity for getting home without having any intention to trick me. He often comes up from his own bed to sleep in my study, and chooses an arm-chair. There is a deep cane chair in the room with a soft cushion against the padded back. Lately my sister has discovered that he makes a nest for himself in this chair by dragging down the cushion and sleeping between it and the back of the chair. This suggests much cunning, but I do not know the history of this invention, and as he does not come to spend the night in the study till I have gone to bed, I shall never know. He may one night have found the cushion partly down, and lying on it, may have turned it still further over and discovered the luxury of a padded hole. Or the explanation may lie farther back. I used to spread a newspaper on the chair because he does not like to sleep on one. But sometimes he was found lying on the cushion which he had pulled over on to the paper. He may thus have first discovered the method of pulling down the cushion to avoid the paper, and then advanced from this discovery (even when there was no paper) to that of the still warmer and delicious bed.

His intellectual exercises, as I have said, do not seem to me to have left any marked trace upon his character. He succeeded in them from the force of his own desire and persistence. They did not teach him the perseverance or attention or industry which should lead him to learn fresh dexterities. His whole moral education consisted in the lesson of obedience or self-control, and his dexterities (for I hate to call them tricks) depended upon his having learned this lesson, and they fortified it. But his morality is limited like his intellect, and even more so. It is an affair of artificial habit built up on instinct. It was acquired soon,

for he came to me at four months of age, and Jane, and in a less degree I myself, supplied for him the place of mother and family. Counting upon his attachment, I could guide him by insistence upon my will, and I used the method of reward more sparingly than that of punishment. He learned to beg without the reward of food, but he only learned to carry after several whippings, more perhaps than I should use with a second dog. In teaching him to give up undesirable habits like uncleanliness and stealing, I found that mere displeasure had little effect, and I was compelled to whip him soundly. And here I remark, parenthetically, a trait of *human* nature. Parents and teachers sometimes tell their children that it gives them more pain to whip the child than the child feels, but though I disliked having to whip my dog, when I had begun whipping him and my blood was up, I liked it. Do I betray a latent vein of cruelty in myself, or discover to my friends a trait in themselves which they have not suspected? I could not leave him to the discipline of consequences, as it is taught by Rousseau and Mr. Herbert Spencer. For he was generally clever enough to avoid dangers; he did not put his paw into the fire and discover that fire burns, but drew back at once from a live coal. And the consequences of his other actions were too pleasant for any little inconveniences attending them to count. When as a puppy he stole from the larder half a pound of steak and ate it, though he was gorged he would probably have been content to repeat the offence at the cost of such pleasing pain. Accordingly I could not leave him to be disciplined by such consequences, and for such serious offences I whipped him, and various educationalists have advised that in offences of equal seriousness a child may also advantageously be whipped. At any rate, by much correction my

dog learned good habits, through the association of certain desires with punishment and, in a less degree, with reward. He does not steal food except from the ash-boxes. He has acquired patience, and will not take a biscuit till he has received permission, and as his patience varies with his hunger, I use the time he takes to bark for the biscuit as a scientific measure of his appetite. But I cannot call his virtues moral; they are mere habits, and he has not learned the reason for them. He knows that certain things bring rewards and others punishment. He does not fear my disapproval, but the whipping or the discomfort which black looks from me cause him. Moral education depends on exciting sympathy with the likes and dislikes of others, and punishment in the case of a child makes him feel that a parent does not like stealing or dirtiness, and it is sometimes the only way of making him feel this. But just as my dog cannot understand why means should be taken to certain ends, neither can he understand my reasons for punishing him. He only knows that he will be punished. Hence his conscience is purely naïve and instinctive. When he obeys a rule he feels pleased, and when he violates one he feels uneasy. Both the pleasure and the uneasiness are acquired, and they bear the mark of their origin. His sense of virtue is the presentiment of a kindly pat. His sense of guilt is the presentiment of a whipping. And, unlike a man, who may deliberately conceal an offence or deliberately confess it, my dog neither conceals nor confesses, but betrays it. I should never know of his offence of going to the ash-boxes if he did not come home with a grin on one side of his face which usually means depreciation. Accordingly he fails to distinguish between guilt and any accident for which he is blameless, like a primitive savage who counts a misfortune a crime.

When he has been sick he is ashamed. He even confuses mere discomfort with guilt. If he has been left alone at College he sometimes grins at me when I return as if he had offended. His penitence is not the recognition that he has done wrong, but the desire to be relieved of the discomfort of my reproof. When he is whipped he goes to bed, though this whipping is rarely inflicted now because he offends less often and it hurts his feelings more. But when he was younger he would retire to bed sometimes angry, sometimes sulky, always unhappy. After a varying period of two or three hours he would come to make friends. Either he came of himself or I would call him. Sometimes he could not bear the estrangement any longer, and sometimes I could not. For I was sometimes sorry for him, and he was always sorry for himself. And then, in a figure, we kissed again with tears. Neither of us repented, for I had no need to repent and he could not; but he was happy again, and the deterrent from evil had sunk deeper into his habits. His obedience then has become semi-instinctive, and it never has been rational. Like his other artificial instincts it is subject to failure. There are some natural temptations, like the insupportable enchantment of the refuse-boxes, which he still cannot resist; and when he is disinclined and lazy he only obeys upon authority. When he does not want to come with me to College he offers a stubborn resistance and only yields to imperative orders. Then, when he recognizes that my mind is made up, he comes of his own free will. I do not wish to introduce the problem of free-will into this biography or to balance the claims of determinism and indeterminism; but I am sure that when under these circumstances my dog comes of his own free will it is because he recognizes that he must.

When I mentioned to the friend with

whose child I have lightly compared my dog that I was going to state my view of my dog, he told me that I had much better state my dog's view of me. It is difficult to do, but I will try. It is sometimes said that a man is a god to his dog. This may be true in the case of Jane, who deserves it, but I almost hope it is not so in my case, for if it were so he has so often brought me my boots that he must long ago have discovered that the feet which wear them are of clay. Yet there is some little foundation for this very metaphorical statement. He finds me mysterious and arbitrary, and while I provide him with food and the pleasure of exercise and company in games, I am, he must think, a creature of moods, and if I cause him pleasure I also cause him pain, and he has perforce to be content. In this respect he feels as any child may feel to a father, or as any man may feel to a person he does not understand. And the changes which psychologists like Mr. J. M. Baldwin describe in the growth of a child's consciousness of its personality have their analogue in my dog. A child learns to understand its father or nurse by doing the things which they do; and by imitating its equals, its brothers and sisters, it finds it can master some of them and must yield to others, and so it comes to be aware that it and other human beings are all alike persons, some to be obeyed and some to command. Mysterious as I am, no doubt, to my dog, he learns that he can put his desires against mine, and that in certain respects he can master me, while in others he obeys. He finds me to yield to his imperative requests to go out for the stick, and that I adapt the pace of my bicycle to his pace. I taught him instead of bringing the stick back and dropping it at my feet, in which case I had to stoop to pick it up, to put his paws up and give the stick into my

hands, and now he will only give up the stick willingly when asked to do this. But even then the stick has to be taken from him in a certain way, and he has a rule about it which must be observed. I call it, after the trial scene in *Alice*, Rule No. 43, and I cannot discover what it is, and I am not sure that it does not change each time. He has so far, however, learned to measure me, and therefore also himself. But the process is far removed from that sympathetic insight into one another which is possible to human beings who can form ideas and reflect upon them. My dog learns by tact how far he can go with me; otherwise I am a mysterious force which he must obey. I am more to him than other dogs with whom he can fight. I am more perhaps even than a superior dog; perhaps if he could he would describe me as a human dog. But he does not treat me as a person, for he does not know himself as one. I am, I suppose, to him a feeling animal with strange unaccountable flashes of some unintelligible and compulsive energy to which he submits. His sympathy is equally limited. It is a community of feeling and not of imagination, and it arises from attachment, and is modified by habit and custom. Accordingly it varies from one person to another. To me his attitude is one of constant and reasonable affection varied only by occasional displays of transport. And as his memory is short he sometimes exhibits more joy when he sees me again after an absence of twenty-four hours than he does when I have been away for weeks. But to Jane his attitude is one of passionate devotion. In her society he enjoys that combination of rapture with short intervals of contentment (I borrow the distinction from Goldsmith) which I take to be the meaning of bliss. When he was a puppy she fed him and nursed him when he was ill, and when he misbehaved she reported

him to me and left me to whip him. I do not say this to depreciate her real and essential claims upon his affection, but rather to show in what way the natural basis of affection may be varied by circumstances and the qualities of his companion. But in a strict sense he does not sympathize with her or with me. To me, as I have said, he is undemonstrative, and he rarely licks me. When he used to bring up my letters to me in the morning he jumped upon my bed, dropped the letters in front of me, put his nose into my face to smell my identity, and then curled himself up at the end of my bed. I have never observed that he behaves any differently to me when I am well and when I fancy that I look ill. Perhaps the reason is that I only fancy that I look ill. But when he came home dripping blood from a hole in his neck which had been apparently torn by a spike, he came and licked my hand. His sympathy is not one of imagination, but of instinct refined by intercourse, and I should be very ungrateful if I did not here record the perpetual little manifestations of loving-kindness which arise on his part from this *rapport* between himself and me. I am, I suppose, a kind of support or background to him. I am a part of himself, or rather of the atmosphere in which he lives, and sometimes there is thunder and lightning in it. He has not quite so independent a character as some other dogs, and I verily believe that when he is away with me from Jane or my family, and I leave him alone, the sun of his day is for a time extinguished quite. We cannot remember our early babyhood, but I imagine he is in somewhat the same position as a baby to a mother, modified, however, by all those developed activities of companionship in games and exercise of which a baby has not yet had experience. Or perhaps a better analogy can be found in

the attitude of a man living in a country governed by custom to whom the custom is his air with which he feels himself one; who obeys the chieftain as the interpreter of that custom, however arbitrary the interpretation, and for whom to have broken the tradition is a source of discomfort as acute as it is to one of ourselves to break through a convention of fashion.

I have written a biography, and I have omitted the first duty of a biographer. I have not mentioned the date of my dog's birth, I have not mentioned his breed, nor even his name. I have thought these things less important than his mind. His breed would be a more important matter if I had been able to describe the early growth of his instincts, as Mr. Wesley Mills has done in the case of certain dogs and cats, or to compare their growth with the growth of instincts which Miss Shinn has traced so faithfully in her little niece. But he did not become my dog until he was four months old. He is an Irish terrier and of distinguished origin, though he does not outwardly do credit to it. His good breeding may in part explain why in certain respects he is perhaps less clever than some other dogs. Mr. Mills found that a mongrel pup, when it was put with other dogs, developed very rapidly as compared with well-bred pups. There are other features of my dog, like his early delicacy, which if I had been giving a fuller life of him, might have been mentioned as accounting in part for a certain want of independence and for an extreme gentleness of disposition which he has. His gentleness and sweet temper are persistent, in spite of his readiness, like other dogs of his breed, to fight, and in spite of the fear which his affection for them inspires sometimes in the breasts of children; a characteristic which has been touched in the course of some Latin verses by my former colleague,

Mr. A. E. Taylor, addressed to Hobbes, from which I must give myself the pleasure of quoting:

Floreat et Griffius
(for that is the Latinized version of his name),
Acer ille canis,
Omnibus philosophis
Carus, at puerulis
Timor suburbanis

—dear to all lovers of wisdom, but to little girls in the suburbs, *timor*: how delicately the word is chosen to describe the character of my dog; not *terror*, a terror to little girls in the suburbs, but *timor*, a source of apprehension. But the more civilized traits of his character have arisen, doubtless, in much larger degree from his constant, perhaps too constant, association with human beings like Jane and myself.

I may have appeared to some readers to take a delight in minimizing his

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qualities. I can only protest that I have tried to deliver the truth without exaggeration, and it is no easy task. For if it is difficult to tell the truth about one's own mind, it is also difficult to tell the truth about the mind of one's dog. But I repeat that the limitations of my dog, which made him less than a child, but leave him a dog, do not lessen my regard for him, but rather increase it. After all, if we did not know that our children act as they do because they know no better, should we, for all their endearing qualities, even tolerate them? We like them because they are children, and not because they will be men. When we learn that their apparent mendacity is imaginativeness, their apparent selfishness instinctive appetite, their apparent cruelty inexperience of pain, and their apparent stupidity adenoids, we find them adorable. So is my dog.

S. Alexander.

INTERNATIONAL ART.

(A DUOLOGUE.)

Scene: Two friends at lunch.

Jane. Shall we go and see some pictures?

Elizabeth. By all means. What would you like to see?

Jane. Well, I have been once to the new Turners and the Winter Exhibition at Burlington House, so—

Elizabeth. Not the International? You don't mean to say that you have not seen the great International Exhibition at the New Gallery?

Jane. I'm afraid I haven't. You see, I went to one at Knightsbridge some years ago.

Elizabeth. And you weren't struck?

Jane. I was, I was. Very much struck.

Elizabeth. My dear Jane, I remember your old-fashioned prejudices, and

how you used to talk about "beauty," and things of that kind; but you really cannot go on always like this; shutting your eyes to progress, and refusing to know what the really great modern men on the Continent are doing. If you have any feeling for technique, any appreciation of power, come with me to the International, and I will show you what art means nowadays!

Jane. Thank you very much. Of course, if you'll take me—

Scene II: The New Gallery. Three o'clock. Enter Jane meekly, listening to Elizabeth.

Elizabeth. — as I was saying, what you have to do is to clear your mind of the old-fashioned idea that a picture

ought to be beautiful, for if ever a notion is exploded, that is. Beauty is not what is aimed at; it is not the question; it is altogether an irrelevance. A continental artist of the new school looks at the world without prejudice, and paints what we all see around us every day. Everything is fit to paint, for everything is a part of life, and the business of art is to represent life as it is; not to select, not to idealize, and not to try to express pretty dreams. This hits your favorite Burne-Jones and Rossetti rather hard, doesn't it? but the fact is, as many of the new men will tell you, the subject of a picture is absolutely of no importance; a pair of old boots on a shelf, if the values are rightly given, is worth all the impossible angels with impossible wings that were turned out before people knew how to put the paint on the canvas.

Jane. Is that a hit at the Old Masters? But pray go on.

Elizabeth. Ah, I thought that would rouse you; I know your weakness for the early Italians, with their rows of saints who look as if their heads had been cut off and screwed on again the wrong way round! But if you will only let me speak for one moment, I can show you how exactly they bear out my argument.

The Old Masters, poor dears (to put it baldly) couldn't paint. It wasn't their fault, because they lived before the art had been discovered; but that is no reason why we shouldn't recognize the fact. Well, knowing no more than children about values and atmosphere and movement, &c., they did what children do, dressed their figures in brightly colored clothes, and wrote the names underneath. They picked out the best-looking models they could find, and arranged them in groups against white marble and blue sky, because they wanted "beauty." They chose scenes of romantic incl-

dent and characters in whom every one was interested, because they wanted "story." And why were they determined to have these two things? Because they had nothing else. "Beauty" and "story," in all ages and countries, have been the refuge of painters who couldn't paint.

Jane. I see. How eloquent you are, Elizabeth! But let us sit down quietly for a moment, while I repeat my lesson, before we begin to look at the examples by which you are going to prove it.

Elizabeth. Yes, let us. I'm glad to see you are trying to be open-minded.

Jane. I am, really. To begin with, these modern continental artists, I understand, know their business better than any one who has ever lived before.

Elizabeth. Broadly speaking, yes. Of course Velasquez is an exception.

Jane. Velasquez is an exception. By-the-bye, I notice you always speak of modern *continentals*. Are there then no modern English artists?

Elizabeth. Oh, yes, there are a few who have studied in Paris; but the modern movement took its rise on the Continent, and art in England—like most things, indeed!—is still terribly behind the times.

Jane. I see. Well, then, in the first place they paint better; secondly, they paint common things familiar to us all; thirdly, they paint them as they really are; and, lastly, they never try to paint their dreams. I think that's it, isn't it? so now I'm ready to begin.

[*They are in the South Room; so, opening their catalogue at the beginning, they find themselves in front of "Forains, Pitres, Têtes à Massacre," followed immediately by Leandre's "Deux Amis."* At this Jane gazes dutifully, while Elizabeth expounds its "power," its "relentlessness," and so on. They continue their round, and much the same process is repeated before the

other masterpieces; though Jane, in front of the series of nude studies by Rodin, does venture on a humble doubt as to whether any real arms or legs could take certain of the positions. She bears the consequent snub well, however, and her education is continued until they drop on to a sofa at the end of the North Room.]

"Now" (*begins Elizabeth*), "I want you to tell me honestly—" (*Jane gets up with an air of decision*). "You belong to a club in Dover Street" (*she says firmly*), "and I want my tea." (*This hint being well received, a few minutes later they are settled at a little table, engaged in removing with tea that well-known feeling which comes from looking at a great many pictures. Tea finished, Elizabeth begins again, refreshed and eager*.) "Well?"

Jane. Well, it is very modern, this show; and no doubt very clever, and powerful, and relentless, and—what is that other word art-critics are so fond of?—oh, yes, "unflinching." But when I saw the Autumn Salon—

Elizabeth. Really? You did?

Jane. I had that privilege—the art there struck me as more "unflinching" still. You have not shown me many things to-day so modern as some I remember in Paris: the *Portrait of a Deformed Caddy*, the *Restaurant de Nuit*, the *Slaughter House*, and the *Operating Room*. Can the International Exhibitors have "flinched" from these sides of life? Or is London not thought worthy to see such pictures?

Elizabeth. Oh, if you won't be serious about it—

Jane. My dear Elizabeth, do you really want me to be? Neither of us will ever convert the other; that much is certain; is it any good our even discussing it?

I am old-fashioned; you are up-to-date. I am, of course, benighted; you are (may I say it?) perhaps even a lit-

tle *delighted*. What? You laugh? Oh, then, I will be serious, and give you my point of view.

And please remember, it is the point of view of an ordinary picture-lover, not an expert, capable of appreciating the brush work, the number of layers of paint, the various methods, apart from the effect they are intended to produce. I am only interested in the effect; I don't care how you produce it; and I would modestly point out that there are a large number of people in precisely my position.

Elizabeth. I'm not an expert; I know no more about these things than you do.

Jane. Really? And you alluded to them in quite an intimate way!

But if so, we start on a level, both bound to admit that whether modern technique be better or worse than the old, we have neither of us any right to talk about it, not being qualified to judge. And that disposes of the first point.

The second, you remember, was that the new men look at the world without prejudice, and paint what we all see around us every day. Have you ever seen a slaughter-house, Elizabeth?

Elizabeth. N—no; I haven't, myself.

Jane. Or an operation? Or any of the Parisian subjects I mentioned to you? No? No more have I. So here are two average people who, so far from seeing these things around them every day, are so completely unfamiliar with them that the artist might as well be painting his dreams.

If everything is fit to paint, why do they go so far afield? If everything is a part of life (and only the "values" matter), why do they constantly pick out parts of a particular kind?

One drawing at the International Exhibition struck me as a particularly good example of this; it was called

The Chorus on a Stone Wall, and it depicted the whole *corps de ballet* perched side by side, waving their arms, on the top of a wall which extended across the stage. This scenic effect was naturally meant to be judged from the front; but, seen thus, it might have been pretty, and would anyhow have looked as if it were intended to be.

The artist's keen eye perceived this danger, and he has guarded against it by getting permission to go behind the scenes and choose his point of view in the wings, where the public are not admitted.

Here he has the inestimable advantage of seeing (and showing us) what no one is meant to see: the back of the girls, the back of the wall, and the long row of dirty scene-shifters with pipes in their mouths, holding below each girl the step-ladder she has climbed up by. This seems to me a typical instance. "Beauty is not what is aimed at," you say; true; but neither is it an "irrelevance." On the contrary, it is with these men a main preoccupation to avoid it. You do them an injustice if you say they look at the world without prejudice; every camera does that. No, they select; they select carefully, on a principle; and, in a sense, they idealize.

Elizabeth. What on earth are you coming to now?

Jane. Consider a moment. What produces the unity of impression made by a show like this? The feeling of having strayed into a new world? Isn't it that behind these different styles, these different individualities, we feel the presence of one ideal, which pervades all their work? You think they paint things as they really are. Why, no one has ever lived who has done that. All that any man can do is to paint things as they look to him, and as he likes them to look, which is his ideal.

Elizabeth. I don't see that. Why not paint them fairly?

Jane. As long as there's a mind behind the brush, which is the same thing as saying the painter is human, so long will there be a personal idiosyncrasy of some sort—a bias, a way of seeing things in one aspect more than another. One painter will see an ordinary modern man as Watts does; another will see him as Leandre does in *Les Deux Amis*—hideous beyond what words can express. One will see a cow in a meadow; another will prefer to see a cow in a slaughter-house. One will draw a horse at his best; another, like Dupont, will look for a "Cheval Tombé," struggling under the shafts, flogged by his driver, with strained nostrils and agonized eyes.

Have you noticed how fond these moderns are of drawing ballet girls?

Elizabeth. Oh, of course, I shouldn't expect you to like them.

Jane. Why not? I like a graceful dancing figure as much as any one; and the old-fashioned idea of a dancing girl was that she is graceful, and that that is her *raison d'être*. But what the new school delight in showing is how awkward and ugly she can be; in all the dozens of "Danseuses" we saw this afternoon, I don't think there was a graceful line.

And you could see the artist had not only picked out the plainest girls to be found, but had been at some pains to choose the right moments for the effect he wanted, the ideal he had in his mind.

He gives us the *danseuse* developing her muscles by uncouth exercises, the *danseuse* painfully holding out one leg to have a tear mended; but the pretty *danseuse*, dancing—no. From that aspect of her he has flinched; he is true to his ideal.

Need I name it? Hardly, I think; the ideal of ugliness, squalor, and degradation glared at us from every wall.

Elizabeth. This is really going too far! What you want is nothing less than absolute unreality. That thing of Albert Moore's you were admiring this morning—why, it made me smile! Have you ever seen—I ask you, does one ever see in everyday life, a girl standing in front of a white marble wall with nothing on but a wreath of primroses?

Jane. I accept the challenge, if you will answer me a question too. Have you ever seen—does one ever see in everyday life—a girl standing in front of a little iron stove, with nothing on but a pair of eye-glasses? My dear Elizabeth, of course not. They exist only as models in studios, and as visions in the painter's brain. Neither of them belongs to the "world we see around us every day"; in both the painter is trying to express his ideal. You can't get away from personality; it is his world the artist shows, and must show us; our own world we see each for ourselves. I deny that the business of art is to copy life; we have enough of life as it is; we go to art for a world

seen through other eyes. And the only question is whether we prefer to be shown the world of men like Mason, Calvert, Samuel Palmer, and the great Frenchmen Corot and Puvis de Chavannes (to mention a few only), or to look through the eyes of—well—they would rather appear to be the eyes of waiters, scene-shifters, and attendants at lunatic asylums.

(*Elizabeth is speechless with scorn.*)

You see, I was right. Here we are both as unconverted as before you gave me this very nice tea. I hardly like (under your roof and in your club) to tell you what I once heard a clever painter say of modern continental "realism." He said it seemed to him a sort of "diabolical possession."

But I don't agree with him—I don't, indeed. I'm sure it's only a fashion. Good-bye, and many thanks.

Elizabeth. Oh, you're quite hopeless. Where are you off to?

Jane. Quite. I'm going to the National Gallery.

F. P. Seeley.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

THE REVOLT OF VEG.

[A French physician has discovered that appendicitis may be caused by a vegetable diet.]

Little heeding where you nestled,
Germ of all our modern care,
Fancy-free in youth I wrestled
With the boldest bill-of-fare;
Mentors who controlled the latter
Often wondered to my face
(Musing on a polished platter)
Where I found the cubic space.

Fashions change; in time I courted
Food reform and diet-lists,
Sang hygienics and supported
Antivivisectionists;
Galen frowned, and at his will I

The Revolt of the Veg.

Let the lethal cutlet drop,
And eluded foul *bacilli*
Ambushed in a mutton-chop.

Hints (promoting patent *nostra*)
Specified that bread was doom,
Savants also from their rostra
Helped to cheat an early tomb;
Milk, they told us, needed steril-
izing in an air-tight keg,
And carousers at their peril
Drained the water-tankard's dreg.

Maddened by the germ's vagaries,
"Country life," I said, "be mine—
Life amid sequestered Lares
Clad with the potato vine.
There I'll foster market seedlings
And repair a virtual corpse
With the turnip's tender wheedlings
And a round of Yorkshire warps."

Thus I eked a bare survival
Till to-day, when (like *Macbeth*)
Noting Birnam wood's arrival
And the hopeless odds on death)
I who shrank from *bos* and *porcus*
Heard the sentence passed on "greens,"
And observed the gates of Orcus
In the guise of kidney-beans.

Turned to bay, like one besotted,
"Set," I cried, "the sirloin loose!
Cut the fatted calf's carotid,
Fill the jar with Samian juice;
Never let them claim that carrots
Sent me down the shadowy road,
Pray unseal the vintage clarets,
Æsculapius be blowed!"

So it stands; while doctors ferret
To the microbe's last retreat,
Every illness we inherit
Hides in every food we eat;
Since potato-plots can kill us,
And our peas are primed with woe,
I revert to that *bacillus*
Who devoured me long ago!

THE EDUCATION JUDGMENT.

We refrained last week from commenting at length on the judgment of the Court of Appeal in the West Riding case, because it takes time before the effects of any legal decision, both in law and in public policy, can be recognized. The fog of war is clear daylight compared with the dust raised by an unexpected bombshell from the Courts. The past ten days have been filled with many strange voices. Non-conformists began by hailing the judgment as the triumph of their cause, while extreme Churchmen saw in it a death-blow to the Government's Education Bill. But when two opposite parties start by hailing something as a God-send they are apt to end in a common denunciation. To-day, accordingly, neither party will call it a triumph, or admit that it in any way alters their position with regard to the new Bill; and those who hoped that material for a compromise might spring from it, while retaining their faith, are a little puzzled about ways and means. Clearly it does not meet all the points at issue; the question is which points it does meet, and how the rest will be affected. The only person who is entitled to a modest satisfaction is the "passive resister." Instead of appearing as a contumacious disregarder of the law, he must now be considered—*teste* the Court of Appeal—as a belated and unconscious martyr for legality's sake.

The full consequences of the decision are hard to estimate, for a number of minor legal questions are still doubtful; but we propose to state with all due moderation what seem to us the main effects. The Act of 1902 was intended to place Provided and non-Provided schools on the same basis as regards secular efficiency, and, if this were at-

tained, of rate-aid. Church schools, that is, were to go on giving the same religious instruction as before, and the cost of it would be met by the State. This, beyond all doubt, was the state of affairs that Parliament intended to create. Cabinets, however, propose, but draughtsmen dispose; and it turns out that the enacting words were not sufficient for the purpose. The County Council of the West Riding of Yorkshire contended that the Act imposed no liability on them to pay for denominational religious instruction, and claimed, accordingly, to withhold a proportion of the salaries of teachers in the Church schools. The Divisional Court held that such liability did exist and ordered a *mandamus* to issue, and on this judgment the County Council appealed. Section 7 of the Act of 1902, Subsection 1, runs as follows:—"The local education authority shall maintain and keep efficient all public elementary schools within their area which are necessary, and have the control of all expenditure required for that purpose, other than expenditure for which, under this Act, provision is to be made by the managers." Elsewhere it is provided that denominational religious education shall be controlled by the managers, and the local authority have therefore no control of the expenditure on it. The majority of the Court of Appeal argued that the words "to maintain and keep efficient," when read in the light of the rest of the Act, and of earlier legislation, involved a control where money was expended, and that if such control was specifically denied, the liability for expenditure did not exist. The effect of the judgment of the Master of the Rolls is, therefore, that a local authority need not pay for the cost of denominational religious teach-

ing in a Church school, and may make a *pro rata* deduction in the sum allotted to the payment of its teachers.

The first point to be noted is the exact legal application of this doctrine. Complete chaos is the best description of the result. A local authority *need* not pay for denominational teaching,—so much is clear; but *may* it if it so desires? The point is obscure, but we should be inclined to say that unless the words of the statute are mandatory, no payment could be legally made. It would be open, in our opinion, to any auditor to reject such an item, and to any ratepayer to bring an action against the authority to compel it to hold its hand. In any case, the fact that the point is undecided places County Councils in a position of extreme difficulty. Then there is the question of "passive resisters." The Magistrates are already differing on the subject, and it is a nice problem whether any Bench is entitled to accept and act on a decision of a subordinate Court against the Crown until the question of appeal is determined. If the House of Lords uphold the Court of Appeal, there is nothing to prevent "passive resisters" bringing endless actions for illegal imprisonment. Lastly, there is the question of payments already made. We notice that it is argued in some quarters that these are recoverable; but even if it be true that County Councils are given no option, but are legally compelled to refuse payment, we do not see how sums are recoverable which have been paid under a *bona-fide* mistake of law. We merely mention these points in passing as an illustration of the many legal conundrums which arise out of this judgment.

More important is its effect upon the education controversy. One of the provisions of the new Bill turns out to be secured by the existing law, and no teaching is endowed which is not popularly controlled. But does the deci-

sion go any further? The managers of non-provided schools retain all their rights, and tests will survive in the appointment of teachers who receive the greater part of their salary from the rates. The distinction between Provided and non-Provided schools will remain as before. There will be a weakening of educational efficiency, since the managers, having to pay out of their own pockets the cost of denominational teaching, will endeavor to secure for secular teaching men who may be indifferent secular teachers, but who are able also to undertake religious teaching. In a word, there will be no real public control over schools publicly supported. Supporters of Mr. Birrell's policy, therefore, have no reason to be contented with the decision as it stands. How little extreme Anglicans are contented may be seen in Lord Hugh Cecil's amazing letter in Tuesday's *Times*. He argues that the managers will, first of all, pay through the rates for Cowper-Temple teaching, which they dislike; secondly, that they will have to provide and keep in repair suitable buildings out of their own pockets; thirdly, that they must pay the cost of denominational teaching in them. This "treble burden" he considers insupportable, and advises Churchmen to pay the whole or part of their Education-rate into a new fund, to be used for religious teaching,—a novel form of "passive resistance" which is almost identical with the Irish "Plan of Campaign." There is, besides, the objection from the point of view of Churchmen that since the standpoint of the managers and that of the local authority will be diametrically opposed, the appointment of teachers will lead to serious friction between them, which is bound to react unfavorably on the character of the religious teaching given. Clearly the Act of 1902, as interpreted by the Court of Appeal, does not provide in itself a

basis for an enduring national system of education.

What course is the Government to take? A great responsibility rests upon the Ministry, for a new situation has been created which, if carefully handled, may have within it the elements of peace. We do not intend at the present juncture to attempt to dogmatize on the right procedure,—the case is too serious for dogmatism; but we wish to state the possible courses which may be followed. The first is to retain the Government Bill and to come to a final decision on the existing law by carrying the case to the House of Lords. Such a course involves several difficulties. In the first place, the House of Lords cannot sit before November, and in the meantime the discussion of the Education Bill in the Upper Chamber must be postponed, while the educational administration throughout the country will be in a condition of chaos. If the Lords support the Court of Appeal, then the Bill will have to be amended to correspond. But we would point out that it is by no means certain that the Lords will do anything of the kind. Speaking as laymen, it seems to us that the arguments of the Court of Appeal may be disputed, and we must also remember that the opposite view was taken by the law officers of the present (and we presume also of the late) Government, by three Judges of the Divisional Court, and by Lord Justice Moulton. If the Lords, therefore, should upset the verdict of the lower Court, the whole Act of 1902 will simply appear on the list of repealed statutes. In either case the decision would have no practical importance, and be interesting only as a study in interpretation. The second course is to accept the Court of

Appeal's judgment as final, and make Clause I of the new Bill declaratory instead of amending. In that event the discussion would go on as before. The Lords in October would amend reasonably or unreasonably, and the fight would be fought out to its conclusion. But a new element would have entered into the discussion, for a new alternative would be possible, which might weaken alike the opposition and defence. This new alternative is the third course we would call attention to. It involves letting the decision of the Court of Appeal remain as final, and making it the basis of a compromise. The Government Bill would be dropped, and a new one introduced making provision for a kind of universal contracting out of Voluntary schools. It would be necessary to have the majority of the managers popularly elected, or nominated by a popularly elected body, in order to vindicate the central doctrine of the Government's policy, and some arrangements would have to be made for taking part of the cost of the provision and maintenance of the buildings from the shoulders of the managers. In some such scheme it seems to us there is the basis for a compromise, and we would earnestly appeal to the Government and the country during the temporary lull which the Recess gives to consider whether a long, bitter, and dangerous fight may not be averted by making use of this unexpected *peripeteia* which the Courts have sprung upon us. It is said that once at Samoa the British and German ships were on the point of firing on each other, when a great storm arose, which separated them, and averted war. May not in this case the Court of Appeal be allowed to play the part of the Pacific hurricane?

THE POPE AND THE SEPARATION LAW.

The principle that religion has nothing to do with politics is perpetually appealed to and perpetually shown to be untrue. Religion has to live in the world, and so must from time to time come in contact with it. The two regions are distinct, but their frontiers march, and disputes will occasionally arise about their respective frontiers. If the period of religious wars is happily over, the period of diplomatic and Parliamentary conflicts which has succeeded shows no present signs of drawing to an end. The Encyclical Letter of the Pope to the French Episcopate is an unusually conspicuous example of a recurrent process. It seemed at one time that the threatened strife between Church and State in France had been averted by the fall of M. Combes, and the accession to office of a Ministry representing a somewhat milder type of Radicalism. Under this new influence the Separation Law took a form less hostile to the Catholic Church. Several of the provisions at first included in it were modified, the Radical amendments were rejected, and in the end it was thought by probably a majority of Frenchmen that the Church had come out better than had at one time seemed possible. The main feature of the Separation Law is the method in which it disposes of the Churches. They have become the property of the State—the cathedrals of the Central Government, the parish churches of the municipalities. Their nominal owners are bound, however, to return them to their former owners, if by December 11th next these owners are represented by the *Associations Cultuelles*, the formation of which is prescribed by the law. It is with these associations that the State will do business, and if they are not formed by the

prescribed date no further provision is made for the transfer of the fabrics. They will remain public property, and be used for secular purposes or allowed to go to ruin.

If the French bishops had been allowed to decide for themselves what attitude they should take up towards the Separation Law, there is good reason to believe that by this time the associations in question would have been in course of creation. But though the Pope asked the advice of the bishops, it was individually not collectively, and he was careful to explain that his conclusion would not necessarily be in agreement with the majority of the opinions submitted to him. He would review the situation in the light of those opinions, but his eventual action would be quite independent of them. Pius X. has been as good as his word. He speaks, indeed, of confirming "the almost unanimous decision" of the French bishops. It is permissible, however, to suspect that the unanimity of which the Pope speaks is an unanimity of submission, not an unanimity of counsel. Probably all, or nearly all, the bishops assured the Pope of their willingness to obey his commands, whatever those commands might be, and it is this rather than any reasons they may have given for commanding something else that he has in his mind. Certainly the condemnation of the new law is more precise and final than any assembly of French bishops would have been likely to frame if left to themselves. The Pope declares that the associations allowed to be set up are wholly inadmissible. They constitute "a violation of the sacred rights pertaining to the very life of the Church." Nor does he look forward to the substitution of any less ob-

jectionable kind of association. To make such a substitution possible "the immutable rights of the Roman Pontiff and of the bishops, and their authority over the sacred edifices," must be irrevocably secured. It is certain that the Republican Government will secure nothing of this kind. It will not vest what it regards as the property of the French people in any foreign potentate, temporal or spiritual. The Pope seemingly is alive to this certainty, for he urges the bishops to take all legal means to "organize religious worship." In this task they may rely on the help of the Pope's counsel and authority. It would be more to the purpose if they could also rely upon his purse. Even then the immediate building of some 40,000 churches would be out of the question, and we are left to suppose that the Pope regards the disappearance of religious services throughout a great part of France as a lesser evil than the acceptance of the Government's terms.

It is difficult to believe that Pius X. has come to this decision on the grounds disclosed in the Encyclical. The religious condition of France is probably described with substantial accuracy by the Minister of Public Worship in an interview with certain journalists. There are parishes, he says, passionately devoted to religious practices. But there are many others where they are maintained merely by the force of habit. In these last public worship would at once cease, and "the contagion of example would gradually produce similar results elsewhere." Is this a state of things which the Pope, or those to whom he has listened, can be supposed to contemplate with calmness? It is just possible that it may be. It is possible, that is, that he may look forward to such an outburst of indignation on the part of the French people as would be fatal to the Government which had provoked it. The elec-

tions, he would admit, showed that the majority of Frenchmen had accepted the Separation Law, and were prepared to give a hearty support to the Government which had passed it. But then, the law thus accepted was supposed to be a law which kept the Churches and the services as they are, and only relieved the State from the obligation of paying for them. When it is realized that, instead of this, the churches will be closed and the customary services no longer performed, the storm thereby aroused will be too violent for any Government to weather. This is one possible explanation of the Pope's action. A second is that he may think that acceptance of the Government's terms would not in the end have been of any avail. When the law was still before the Legislature, it was said by a section of the Radicals that they did not regard it as more than an instalment of what they hoped to get in the end. If this view had been put forward merely by the rank and file of the party, it might not have meant much. But it was also adopted by M. Clemenceau, and M. Clemenceau is to-day the most powerful man in the Cabinet and in France. What is there to prevent him from giving effect to this view of the law in some future session? To our minds, it is a sufficient answer to this question to say that while M. Clemenceau is an extremist in religion he is an opportunist in politics. He has shown this in his relations with the Socialists, and he may probably be trusted to show it again in his relations with the Church. Attractive as the spectacle of closed churches may be to his imagination, the ill-feeling to which it will give rise in a large number of his countrymen, and the political uncertainty and confusion which this ill-feeling might evoke over a wider area, will be distasteful to his good sense. Even if his influence is as supreme as the Pope possibly sup-

poses, he will think twice before using it in the way the Pope imagines, and in that case Pius X. is provoking disaster with no adequate cause.

We have great faith, however, in the good sense of the French people, and in the desire of the great majority of French Catholics to live at peace with their fellow-countrymen. That no obvious way out of the difficulty created by the Pontifical action presents itself at this moment is no reason why one should not be found later on. When both parties have such good cause to desire its discovery it is hard to believe that things will be allowed to go on to the result for which the Pope is apparently prepared. Nothing however, would be so well calculated to provoke this result—a result which all, whatever may be their religion, who wish France to be tranquil and

strong must agree in deprecating—as the adoption by the Government of the policy hinted at by M. Briand. If no *modus vivendi* is arrived at, and the churches are consequently closed, the suffering inflicted on the Catholic population will be quite keen enough without making things worse by forbidding the assembling of Catholic congregations in private houses or the building of new churches. French ideas of liberty are often different from ours, but we cannot believe that such acts as these would approve themselves to the judgment either of the Cabinet or of the Legislature. In a controversy of this sort victory commonly falls to the side which keeps its temper best, and best resists the temptations to assume that the solution which most irritates an opponent is the one most to be desired in the public interest.

The Economist.

PERSIA'S QUASI-PARLIAMENT.

The new fashion in Parliaments is decidedly extending among despotic States. Its latest adherent is Persia. As yet it is impossible to say whether the events there herald a serious change or will end as farcically and fruitlessly as most political events do among the modern descendants of Cyrus and Artaxerxes.

So far we have scarcely more than two bits of evidence to go upon—the Shah's account of his rescript as communicated by the Persian legations in Europe, and the *Times's* account of the events leading up to it. The Shah, who amusingly prefacing the tale of his surrender by stating that "since his accession to the throne he has always had the intention to introduce real and efficient reforms in all the departments of the State so as to further the well-being of his people," announces a National Council at Teheran, to be com-

posed of representatives of the princes, clergy, Kadjars (the ruling Tartar tribe to which the Shah belongs), nobles, merchants, and tradesmen, who are to be elected by their peers. The Council "shall deliberate on all important affairs of State, and shall have the power and right to express its views with freedom and full confidence with regard to all reforms which may be necessary to the welfare of the country." Its bills will be transmitted to the Shah by the First Minister, and if signed by him will become law. It is to frame its own rules of procedure, subject to the Shah's signature.

The *Times's* story of the birth of this Constitution is very interesting. It starts from the undoubted fact that the Shah's Government has long been excessively bad. The Shah himself is, as is well known, a selfish voluptuary whose one preoccupation has been to

find money for squandering on the luxuries of a corrupt Court. The utter decadence of the Persian political system, the weakness and corruption of the administration, the oppression and grinding taxation of the people, have been the theme of every writer on Persia for some time past. No less agreed is the general fact of the Shah's indebtedness to Russia. The former Grand Vizier, the Atabeg-Azam, initiated a policy of loans from the Russian Bank, guaranteed by the Russian Government; and in this way the Shah has borrowed about four millions, which he has spent on Court luxuries. In 1903 the Atabeg-Azam gave way to a Grand Vizier equally oppressive and less masterful, and not long afterwards the flow of Russian money stopped owing to the Japanese war. There followed the eclipse of Russia; the exhibition by Japan of what an Asiatic nation might do if it took the trouble; finally the convocation of the Russian Duma, which included a number of Mohammedan Tartar representatives from Central Asia. All these things would encourage a revolution, which according to the *Times* took the following course: Its leaders were the Mohammedan clergy, whose position in the Shiite Islam of Persia is more important than elsewhere. Last December the clergy of Teheran went on strike for a month, by taking sanctuary in a shrine and refusing to discharge their judicial functions. The Shah appeased them by promises, which he subsequently broke; friction was renewed; and in a riot on July 11, a Seyyid, a descendant of the Prophet, was shot by the soldiers. The priests again took sanctuary, and finally left Teheran in a body to journey to the Tomb of Ali (the son-in-law of the Prophet and the great saint of the Shiah sect) in Mesopotamia. Their adherents in Teheran, fearing Government vengeance, took refuge, to the number of 13,000, in the

grounds of the British Legation. The Shah, in face of so unparalleled a religious and national scandal, had to give in, dismiss his Grand Vizier, appoint another, and grant the Constitution above described.

Such is the story, which we have as yet little means of checking. Certain acute foreign critics have suggested that the whole thing is at bottom merely a British intrigue, taking advantage of Russia's temporary effacement to overthrow the dominant Russophile element in Persian politics. Some color is given, it must be confessed, to this suspicion by the episode of the 13,000 refugees at the British Legation, coupled with the fact that the party overthrown is certainly the Russophile party. But there seems evidence of a genuine popular upheaval, and undoubtedly the Shah's misrule provided ample justification for one. And the contagion of events in Russia is bound to be felt in Central Asia without needing any Macchiavellian British intrigue to spread it. What the prospects of the quasi-Parliament are one must doubt. The immediate causes of Persian misery and oppression are personal; and it will be hard for the Oriental mind to appreciate such a circuitous way of mending them as that of constitutional reform. Moreover, the probability of the Shah's acceding to the National Council's demands is small, because any reform is bound to aim at curtailing the personal extravagances of his own Court expenditure. It would be hard, too, for him to reform the abuses of the provincial governors, who have become nearly as independent of central control as the ancient satraps, and seem even more rapacious and corrupt. It would be so much simpler to dismiss the Council as soon as the ferment has settled down, and an Eastern monarch is untroubled by scruples about breaking promises. The only chance would be if some element in Persian society

had a really progressive impulse, like that of the nobility who carried out the revolution in Japan. At present the leaders are the Mohammedan clergy, who were similarly, it may be remembered, the progressive force in Turkey in Midhat Pasha's time. But the Persian clergy, and indeed the whole Persian people, are far less awakened to foreign influences than the Turks of thirty years ago. There is genius in the Persian race, as it has abundantly shown by its frequent emergences to a

front place on the world's stage, and nothing is getting clearer in the world's history than the persistence of racial excellence and the probability that a nation which has once done great things on a particular soil will after long fallow periods of degradation resume its greatness. But Persia's new birth seems still far away, and for the present those who discuss its politics in *opera bouffe* vein, as the politics of Hadji-Baba-land, usually turn out right in their forecasts.

The Speaker.

A NEW STUDY OF MEREDITH.*

Mr. Trevelyan's is the most detailed and elaborate study of Mr. Meredith's poetry that has yet appeared. It is a manifest labor of love, the work of an enthusiastic admirer, as appreciative criticism should be. It is also mainly just and discriminating in temper, which is rarer in the case of a poet who moves most critics to extremes of panegyric or antipathy. The volume aims at being a kind of guide to Meredith the poet, a Meredith manual. It studies the poems in all their varieties, and the poet in all his aspects. It is not brilliant or subtle, and its treatment is not always exhaustive. But it is sound, understanding, and, as we have said, mostly balanced work. In the case of a poet so intricate, perhaps we should not complain that, in his zealous delving into detail, Mr. Trevelyan leaves us with a rather confused impression of perspective. He declines, as a hopeless task, to attempt a summary of his own pages, his own views. What, then, must be the plight of the reviewer? We certainly have a difficulty in seeing the wood for the

trees. We are sensible that the author has covered much and various ground, that with most of his industrious and cultivated analysis we have been in sympathy, that sometimes we have tended to dissent or supplement. It is a compliment to his appreciation of this fine and strongly original poet that our remarks prove chiefly to concern Mr. Meredith's limitations.

Mr. Trevelyan takes a sane and unbiased view of the poet's obscurity—a point on which sanity and discrimination are not common. In all such cases one side sees only cloudy affectation, another declares the difficulty to rise solely from depth of thought. He admits (though a firm Meredithian) that there is obscurity of expression: partly from certain grammatical (or ungrammatical) mannerisms; partly from the peculiar use of incessant, restless, and *momentary* imagery—metaphor whizzing after metaphor, each so condensed as to need reflective attention; and partly from the poet's packed and pemmican-like style. He allows the grammatical tricks to be faulty—the docking of relatives and connexions generally, and so forth. They are all parts of Mr. Meredith's lust for compression, as he

* "The Poetry and Philosophy of George Meredith." By George Macaulay Trevelyan. (Constable & Co.)

says. But he hardly notes sufficiently the poet's harassment of his readers when he says that these tricks are soon mastered and give no further trouble. For they and the quest of compression which begets them lead Mr. Meredith intermittently into sheer bad grammar. The omitted connexions land him in confused connexions. The reader, dazed and thrown off the scent, has finally to hark back and pick up in an earlier clause the antecedent of something which, according to all grammatical logic, should refer to the clause immediately preceding. The connexion is so present to the poet's mind that he forgets it will not be equally present to the mind of the reader, who can only follow the grammar, not being prescient of the author's intention. Similar obtuseness to the reader's necessary limitations in following the processes and transitions of the poet's mind (obtuseness displayed not always in grammar alone, but in wider questions of reference) studs Mr. Meredith's pages, and becomes cumulatively exasperating to readers hard tried enough by the legitimate difficulty in the nature of his style. Such things represent the kind of failing which a poet never suspects, and which his friends lack the courage to tell him.

Mr. Meredith's passion for pregnancy has other consequences, not noted by Mr. Trevelyan. The latter dismisses somewhat too lightly the thorniness of metre which this poet shares with Browning, though admitting it to be often a defect. But the mischief is that it is a constant defect. A knotty manner of thought must bring knotty metre, since without correspondence of expression between substance and versification versification would be metrical nonsense. But even when a passage relaxes into beauty the verse does not relax with it; it remains unsoftened, and still rattles and jolts. That is indefensible. Yet this poet can write

fluent verse: "Love in a Valley" is beautiful metre, "Attila" in its virile way has no uncalled-for obstructions to the metrical torrent. It would seem a poem must be altogether fluid or altogether rubbly. Commonly it is the latter. Much of this is from the hunger after compression. Beauty and fluency and spaciousness of movement demand mostly a certain proportion of polysyllables, or the lines grow cramped and frozen. Mr. Meredith knows this, and in theory reprobates the pettiness of Saxon monosyllables and dissyllables, trotting after each other like a file of pygmies. But when it comes to packing words in a line, you can edge in thrice as many of these as of their long-limbed companions. So, in practice, the Meredithian verse is largely formed of such short words, flattened on each other like a layer of sardines. For the like reason, these thick-set little vocabularies are often wedged into the unaccented place, where a lighter syllable had been preferable. The total result is that the lines become jammed and will not move, or only with creaking like the limbs of a Dutch doll. The poet loves his Latin and Romance words, but grudges their house-room (so to speak) in his crowded tenement. When, in fact, it is a choice between metre and compactness, metre has the wall.

Mr. Trevelyan insists much on, but cannot exaggerate, the amazing intellectual and imaginative fecundity of the poet. That generative energy is ceaseless as the productive forces of a tropical forest, and Mr. Meredith has a fiery restlessness like that of his own Attila. The imaginative without the intellectual fertility would have made him a more popular poet. But fantasy with him is wedded to the English love for definite thinking, for a "message"; and the product, under the fierce blast of his energy, is something that often makes Browning babes'

meat. This sleepless generative energy is at once his strength and his undoing. His central fault, the flaw which sums up all other flaws, is precisely the obverse side of this brilliant power—it is the restlessness of his poetry. "Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus"; but Meredith—never. Better were it if he did sometimes sleep, at the right time. The great thing lacking to his poetry is repose. Throughout this incessant germination of thoughts and images there is a lack of relief, of space. He is at constant high pressure; and so in the packed mass of brilliance there is likewise a want of breadth.

Yet we scarcely agree with Mr. Trevelyan as to the poet's wealth of thought. There is a surprising wealth of *thoughts*; everything is elaborated through a creative profusion of veritably *matted* ideas—a tangled detail of individual thoughts. But beneath this expressional thought (as we might call it) the basic thought is not of great amount. Mr. Meredith's poetry, as we think, expresses again and again, with an astonishingly perpetual variety of utterance, a few basic ideas. Yet, if we are unable to regard him as a profound or original thinker (in the deeper meaning of the words), the philosophy of life he has based on these ideas is his own; and that in a poet is what chiefly matters. Mr. Trevelyan is whole-hearted in his admiring acceptance of that philosophy, which might perhaps be summed thus:—you must not go behind Nature, but take her as

she is and fit yourself to her, suffering gladly her laws of death as of birth, of winter as of spring; and to do this you must learn, like her, the correlation of forces and the conservation of energy. Which, like most summaries, conveys nothing till it is explained; so the reader had best fall back on Mr. Trevelyan. Mr. Meredith's gospel, like most modern "messages," has one chief defect: it is a gospel for the few. Under its poetic garlands and insistence on the joy of life it is more iron than Stoicism. It demands an austere strength. The limitation of so many modern evangelists, poetic and other, which compel admiration, may be summed up in one sentence: "*Salvatio fortibus, vae infirmis.*" And of these is Mr. Meredith's. It offers strength to the strong; to him that hath it gives more. The weak must admire, and look for another prophet, unless they submit to Nietzsche's sentence that their case is hopeless. And we are few of us "supermen."

But these are details which concern chiefly (as we have said) the poet's limitations. The book remains a good and helpful book, which really expounds Mr. Meredith's strength without shirking the acknowledgment that he is more trying than a poet should be; and it should increase the number of his intelligent admirers. A hard nut, but worth the cracking, says Mr. Trevelyan in effect to hesitant readers. And he has given them (shall we say?) a pair of nut-crackers.

The *Athenaeum.*

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Annie H. Small is the author of two slight but well-considered sketches called "Studies in the Faiths," one upon Islam and the other upon Buddhism. (E. P. Dutton & Co.) Both are written from the Christian point of view, and aim to give to Christian readers a compact statement of the essential principles of other faiths.

A new society, called the Malone Society, has just been formed in London for the printing of old plays in strict conformity with the most authentic texts, and also for the publishing of documents and information which may be of interest to students of the English drama. The society hopes to issue eight or ten plays a year.

The Dents in London and the Duttons in this country are publishers of an attractive little series of College Monographs, each of which is devoted to describing and picturing one of the English colleges. The opening volume is upon Trinity College, Cambridge. It is written by W. W. Rouse Ball and illustrated by Edmund H. New. It describes the courts and buildings, outlines the history of the college and gives bright and pleasing glimpses of life at the University.

The Oxford University Press announces "The Oxford Anthology of English Literature," by G. E. and W. H. Hadow, in three volumes, the first volume tracing the course of prose and poetry (other than dramatic) from Beowulf to the Jacobean age; while the second follows the history of the English drama to the same limit, and the third will take up the record at the time of Milton and will continue it to that of Tennyson and Browning. The

examples selected will be accompanied by brief introductions.

"Q's" new book, "From a Cornish Window," will be published in a few days by E. P. Dutton & Co. The work is under the headings of the twelve months of the year, and is dedicated in a characteristic address to Mr. William Archer. E. P. Dutton & Co. will also publish "Jottings of an Old Solicitor," by Sir John Hollams. Sir John has attained the good old age of 86, and has reached the highest rank in his profession. He became a Solicitor in 1844, is a Lieutenant for the city of London, and was knighted in 1902. The book contains reminiscences of the great Judges of recent times, and of the famous Barristers.

A feature of Messrs. Longmans' new list is the number of volumes of correspondence which it announces—or of memoirs based on correspondence. In addition to Dr. Edgar Sheppard's memoirs of the private life of the late Duke of Cambridge—now in the press, in two volumes—the list includes two volumes of "Letters Personal and Literary of Robert Earl of Lytton (Owen Meredith)," edited by his daughter, Lady Betty Balfour, "Correspondence of Two Brothers—Edward Adolphus, 11th Duke of Somerset, and Lord Webb Seymour, 1810-1819, and after," edited by Lady Guendolen Ramsden, third daughter of the 12th Duke of Somerset; and two volumes containing the "Life and Letters of the First Earl of Durham, 1792-1840," by Mr. Stuart J. Reid.

The "Dearlove" of Frances Campbell's new story is a quaint and petted child on whom the devotion of a family group centres, and the "history of her summer's make-believe" describes

a season at Guernsey when her grandfather, the Earl, her mother, his widowed daughter, her uncle, his heir, and her aunt, his daughter-in-law, all play at being children with her. The figure of a pathetic little cripple divides the interest with Dearlove, and the mystery of his parentage determines the plot. The story is strongly marked by that fanciful quality which characterizes this writer's work, but one questions whether the children for whom it was written would not enjoy it better if it were told in a more straightforward style. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Mrs. Campbell Dauncey's "An Englishwoman in the Philippines" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) is a vivid and vivacious account of nine months' journeyings about the islands, and observations of their condition and the attitude of the Filipinos toward the American administration. The book gains in readability, if it loses something in dignity, from the fact that it is made up of a series of letters written home from day to day as the scenes described fell under the writer's eye. It was Mrs. Dauncey's fortune to be in the islands when the visiting Taft party were there, and to be present at the banquet at Iloilo, when certain notable things were said by Mr. Taft and others. Of this episode, as of others, she writes with amused condescension and with no conspicuous respect for dignities or dignitaries. It may be pardoned to an Englishwoman if she regards rather patronizingly the first American experiment in the government of "little brown men"; but sensitive Americans may feel that she carries her levity and her cynicism too far. Whatever room there may be for differences of opinion on this point, no one will be inclined to deny that the book is bright and diverting; and candid students of the problems involved

in the government of the Philippines may obtain from these gay and occasionally audacious pages some light not found in official reports. The value of the book is enhanced by illustrations.

The twenty-second, twenty-third and twenty-fourth volumes of the Arthur H. Clark Company's reprints of Early Western Travels, edited by Dr. Reuben Gold Thwaites, are taken up with the reproduction of "Travels in the Interior of North America By Maximilian, Prince of Wied," translated from the German by H. Evans Lloyd, and first printed in London in 1843. Prince Maximilian was an enthusiastic German savant, with a special inclination toward exploration in new countries and the study of primitive civilizations. He spent two years in an expedition to Brazil before he embarked upon the greater enterprise, in 1832, of exploring the then little traversed regions of the far west and northwest of North America. He did his work in a serious and leisurely manner, making notes and collections as he went, spending considerable periods of time at fur trading posts and other settlements, and studying the ways and customs of the aborigines closely. He had for a companion an artist, who made excellent pictures of what he saw. His narrative is written in an easy and direct style, and is fully supplied with scientific detail but not overloaded with it. The present edition is more complete than the London edition,—which it follows in the main,—in that it gives the twenty-three Indian vocabularies, which appeared in the original German edition, and also Maximilian's account of the Indian sign language, his catalogue of birds for both the Missouri and Wabash river valleys, and a summary of his meteorological observations on the upper Missouri. These add materially to the scientific value of the present edition.